

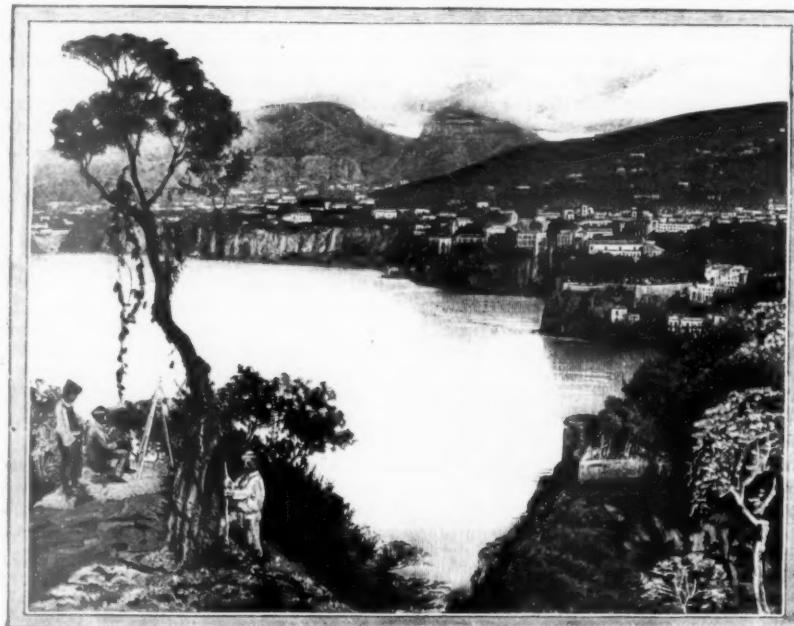
THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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NO. 1.



UNDER SHADOW OF VESUVIUS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

ONE'S first impression of Naples in winter might be called a duo of antagonisms. For the vision there are semi-tropical surveys; for the nerves there wait incessant tingles of poignant cold. You see palms sturdy and lofty among the gardens of the Villa Nazionale, close to the rich blue waters of the incomparable bay. On every side the orange-trees lift their golden fruitage; you glimpse them in bounteous clusters beyond the soft, chalky pinks or yellows of wayside walls; they glimmer to you

from the terraces and slopes of lawns. Roses, too, of various colors, abound in trellised luxuriance; from crannies in old masses of masonry huge bunches of cactus protrude their prickly and livid leaves; the dark gloss of the ilex and the clear-cut spires of the cypress are unavoidable as the intense sapphire of those cloudless skies that form their background. And yet, with all these palpable reminders of a summer that sleeps but never perishes, Naples in winter is often benumbingly cold. No wonder, you tell yourself, that

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the flower-sellers and fruit-sellers and stationary vendors of every sort are supplied with their hand-stoves and foot-stoves against this peculiar still, eating cold.

The ascent of Vesuvius, though excessively tedious and fatiguing, is apt to be a warm affair; for the full fervor of a Neapolitan sun is always hot, and the ride on stumbling ponies up over that jagged sweep of cinders and lava, which shows how a recent eruption destroyed nearly one-half of the very convenient funicular railroad farther beyond, would make the most trained of athletes perspire. But who that has taken the long drive from the Piazza dei Martiri or the Toledo along Santa Lucia to the base of the mountain, can ever forget how the subtle morning chill seemed aiming for the very marrow of his bones?

Of course, it is the tourist who suffers most from this annoyance, if we except the throng of poverty-stricken wretches whom perhaps one sees in greater number at Naples than any other of the large Italian towns. The tourist suffers because the hotelkeeper is obstinate about properly warming his hotel, and the cabman is either too poor or too lazy to provide himself, from December till April, with a closed cab. One cannot help wishing that the latter would employ some of that immense energy with which he solicits customers for his ramshackle little landaus, in making you decently comfortable while he bowls you about town.

The "tramway" in Naples is a refreshment after the cruel exposures of the cab. One brilliant day I took this

mode of conveyance as far as Posillipo, and then got out and walked for more than a mile along the hardest and clea-

nest of paths, looking down all the while upon a series of the most enchanting villas. Each had its own small and steep little domain, full of statues and clipped box and intertwined ilexes, and sentinel cypresses and lichenized stone stairways. Each was built upon a flowing and easy declivity, and each commanded a view of the purple-tinted sea. Indeed, for these homes of fairy beauty and medieval fascination, the Mediterranean, in all its mutable splendors, might be called a doorway companion. From balconies and porticos there was but a step to its tideless, historic shore. All the alleged extravagance of Ouida seemed now refuted as I gazed upon this adorable coast, one long chain of dreamy and delicious old gardens, fair as any that the Greeks and Romans may once have built on poor, deserted Baiae, only a few miles beyond.

Still, Naples, they tell me, is cursed through all her classes by a piteous want of wealth. Many of her richest nobles are unable to maintain their palaces, and have rented them out in *appartamenti* and *camere mobiliante*. The King never holds his court here, and hence "society" languishes. He has two splendid palaces, one in the heart of the town and one on the heights above it. This last, called Capo di Monte, is an enormous edifice, begun in 1738, by Charles III., but not finished until 1839, in the reign of Ferdinand II. The view of Naples and the bay from these grounds cannot be too ardently praised. The vast curve of the city itself lies far below you, one mighty mosaic of pale, innumerable dwellings, and beyond lapses an expanse of sea so calm, so limitless and so crystalline that fancy can almost trace in the lucid offing a ghostly Morocco, Tunis or Algiers! And this matchless view is framed for you, so to speak, in the boughs of noble evergreen oaks: you watch it from environs



RIVIERA DI CHIAIA.

fit to encompass the grandest palace ever built—acres of emerald turf plumed with patriarchal trees and adorned with walks and pleasures royal indeed. At Capo di Monte it is not hard to imagine kings and queens wandering with their courtiers among the twilight alleyways and marble benches. Not even at Versailles is a like illusion more easily invoked. The interior of the palace is full of spacious and sumptuous chambers, each containing pictures and sculptures chiefly by modern Neapolitan artists. The general effect of these apartments is strongly impressive. The shadow of perished royalty seems to glide across their tessellated floors and between their brocaded draperies.

In those picturesquer, if less comfortable days before the Sardinian conquest, what jewels must have flashed here from coronet and tiara, or glittered from orders on the breasts of soldier and prince! All that is changed now, and Umberto, the republican King, never goes to Capo di Monte, though his son, the Prince of Naples, now and then occupies a wing of it, if I mistake not, with his suite. The young Prince, though somewhat unattractive in person, is popular among the Neapolitans. When here on the coast he goes much into society, I am told, and Naples, like New York, has its "season" in midwinter. Indeed, a visitor who is also an outsider can readily perceive this during an afternoon stroll along the sea-skirting promenade of the Villa Nazionale.

Always, in my own experience, the weather at this time was delightfully fair, notwithstanding its sharp evening chill. Over toward Ischia the sun may be setting in pome-

granate and silver; yonder, like a fallen cloud, Capri may loom in spectral symmetry. The still air is alive with rolling of wheels and clatter of horses' hoofs. Carriages stream on in continuous throngs. A few are quaint and pretty, drawn by ponies—two-wheeled, cart-like affairs, perchance, with a young man about town for their driver and a "tiger" perched behind him. Others, by far more numerous, are uncovered barouches, with big, solid, long-tailed horses, ornately and showily harnessed. But somehow you look in vain for a single really "smart" equipage, in the English or American sense. The barouches are nearly always crowded; an evident mamma and papa will occupy the back seat and three or four evident offspring, of every age from ten to twenty, will overflow the seat opposite.

The Neapolitans have no apparent idea of driving out with "style." And yet, in many cases, the attempt to do so is patent; for one often sees the footman en-sconced beside the coachman and garbed in dress-coat, low-cut waistcoat and the general apparel that we would not consider suitable for a servant until the hour of dinner.



COLUMN OF THE MARTYRS.

Elegance and distinction seemed to me not only absent from the vehicles themselves, but from their occupants as well. Somebody had just been telling me that all the citizens of the town were at present pathetically poor. But I somehow saw fewer signs of poverty there, in those processions along the beautiful *Villa*, than of democratic disregard for the niceties and felicities of living. Princes and princesses may have passed me by the scores, but I perceived in almost every one whom I met the same commonplace-genteel look, without a suspicion of that modish dainti-

to find occupation in my own country. The dangers here to a young man of social habits are terrible in the extreme. Among my acquaintances I have already had numberless warnings."

"See Naples and die," runs the old proverb. I confess to a pang of cruel disillusion when somebody informed me that this poetic invocation had its origin in the hardest prose. Ages ago somebody is reported to have said: "*Veder Napoli e poi Mori*"—or, in other words: "See Naples, and then see Mori." Just where was situated this delectable little



ROAD FROM SORRENTO TO POSITANO.

ness which is so frequent a feature, at fashionable driving hours, of Hyde Park, the Bois de Boulogne, or even our own charming Central Park.

The curse of Neapolitan society, I am told, is gambling. At the clubs high play is annually ruining hundreds of young men. An English lady who had married into a family of position at Naples, and who is now the mother of two young sons, said to me with plaintive earnestness: "I am having one of my boys educated in England, and for his elder brother I am also endeavoring

spot, Mori, which one was advised to visit after having feasted his gaze upon the fascinations of Naples, no Baedeker declareth. But on good authority I am assured that there was once a Mori, and that it was deemed so attractive as to merit immediate inspection after a sojourn at Naples. I am inclined to think that it was probably some little medieval settlement which Naples has now absorbed, just as all enlarging cities are wont to do with their suburban districts. But if it be true that nobody ever said "See Naples and die," the ingenious interchange of

UNDER SHADOW OF VESUVIUS.

7



VIEW OF VIENNA.



CAPO D'ORCO.

"Mori" and "mori" teams, in my own judgment, with every conceivable excuse.

True, Naples is a town of tedious distances. No sane tourist ever goes to it without wishing to make it the starting-point of certain long-yearned-for trips, and each of these trips will necessitate hours of journeying.

"Florence," a clever friend once said to me, "you can cover with your hat." Of Rome, in a certain sense, this is also true, for days and days can be passed there in exquisite enjoyment without your leaving a single one of her many gates. But with Naples it is quite a different affair. I have already referred to the ascent of Vesuvius as fatiguing, but it is worse; it is profitless and exasperating as well. After that long and cheerless drive through noisome Santa Lucia, you are finally landed among a lot of shrieking Italians, each with a pony or donkey, which he desires you to mount. If you are sensible you have taken one of Cook's conveyances to the foot of the mountain; there is no way of getting there half so advisable as this. Cook has his own special service for you in the way of ponies. These are behind a certain gate, and in order to reach them the most desperate sort of struggle is needed. Breathless and panting, you strain your way through a clamorous rabble, with soiled hands waved in your face and

garlic-tainted breaths puffed into your nostrils. One minute hurled against a pony's flank, you are in peril of being kicked by him, and the next, flung full upon his muzzle, you acutely dread being bitten. At last, with frenzied exertion, Cook's man succeeds in placing a gate between you and the insurgent mob. Then follows the most racking of rides, and, finally, when the steep railway has brought you within a brief distance of the crater you stagger up toward it amid suffocating smoke. The guides will not permit you to approach it near enough for even the vaguest of views. While the smoke rolls over you in monstrous volumes you hear a sepulchral, washing sound, like that of billows on some subterranean strand. That is all; it now merely remains for you to grope your way down again. You are gasping for breath, you are intensely miserable, but you have "done" Vesuvius. It is not at all an important thing to do; it is only very disagreeable, and a matter to feed future vauntedings in the vulgarest of insatiate "sight-seers."

At a distance, however, Vesuvius is adorable, and Naples would not be herself without this and Mount Somma, its smaller sister hill. Only strangers' eyes, I suppose, can regard with due awe that perpetual spiral of smoke as it curls upward into the limpid azure air. For me, the first glimpse of it was followed by a sharp, realizing thrill. At Pompeii this thrill recurred, and it must now be forever inseparable from all memory of that wondrous ruin. The journey from Naples to Pompeii in the train, past picturesque hamlets, tracts of silver-gray olives, groves of towering umbrella-pines, amply compensated me for its length. And when I alighted, near the Hotel Diomède, and secured an exceedingly polite guide, who spoke French with a refreshing fluency and a refreshing absence of the weird Italian accent, my mood as a tourist was keyed into the most melodious allegro. These guides the government now makes a necessity. You are not "supposed" to give them a soldo; but I imagine there are few so churlish as to refuse them at least two lire after their capable and excellent services. I had a marvelously clear and salubrious day for my visit. Over the great arena of melan-

choly marble wreck beamed a translucent indigo sky. Faint breezes fluttered blandly among shattered pillars, dried-up fountains, blank courtyards, vacant chambers, deserted streets. Opposite, across a scintillant estuary, I saw Sorrento clinging to her cliffs and Castel-a-Mare drowsing below her convent-crowned mountains. The supreme tragedy of history was this frightful destruction; nothing for keenness of disaster quite parallels it. And yet the smile of Italy's matchless climate, forever brooding over its desolation, produces a kind of delicious discord, an eloquent and lovable irony.

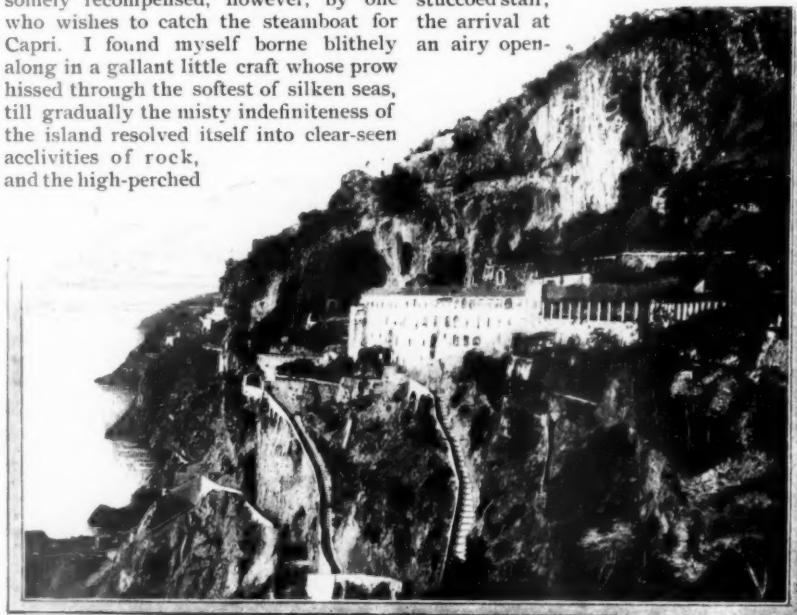
The sail to Capri and back means another full day of absence from your hotel. "I like Naples," said a lazy Englishman to me, "and yet I detest her. Everything that you want to see, after you've got to her, involves breakfasting at eight. Even her churches have the absurd habit of closing at noon. The only important attraction that one can comfortably enjoy is the National Museum, and they hustle you out of that by three o'clock."

Breakfasting at eight is a trial handsomely recompensed, however, by one who wishes to catch the steamboat for Capri. I found myself borne blithely along in a gallant little craft whose prow hissed through the softest of silken seas, till gradually the misty indefiniteness of the island resolved itself into clear-seen acclivities of rock, and the high-perched

Villa of Tiberius loomed gray and keen against the cloudless heaven. Our vessel paused before the Blue Grotto, and we all descended into rowboats and were taken, at what seemed the risk of our crowns if not our necks, through the low and narrow little opening that leads into a cavern astonishingly high. Here the shade of the dim-lit water is of so intense a blue that the first sight of it makes you almost believe yourself on some new planet. As it pulses against the rocky sides of the grotto this strangely-rich tint breaks, with still more amazing effect, into vivid silver. The nude boy who plunges into the water for you at the price of a lira, becomes instantly a luminous shape, fairly radiating light from each moving limb. Spots of the deepest azure, by some curious trick of refraction, gleam from the rugged walls. The *Grotta Azzurro* has one fine advantage over most "natural curiosities"; it is not merely odd and abnormal, it is entrancingly beautiful as well.

The landing at Capri, the walk along a pebbly sand-beach past a few quaint shops and taverns, the ascent of a steep stuccoed stair, the arrival at

an airy open-



AMALFI, WITH GRAND HOTEL DEI CAPPUCCINI.



VESUVIUS.

windowed inn, with its white balcony, hanging high above the sea—all these are details that easily link themselves together, delicate pearls of experience strung on a silken cord of recollection! My luncheon was far from bad, though perhaps it seemed less so because of an appetite generously uncritical.

Afterward I took the little steamboat that waited for me below these unforgettable cliffs, whose reported proximity to the storied "isles of the sirens" appeared, just then, a circumstance highly natural and fitting. Scarcely an hour passed before I landed at the neighboring shore of Sorrento. At first the cliffs of this unique little seaport did not strike me as specially lofty, and that impression may perhaps have resulted from the singular way in which nearly all its shoreland buildings have been so constructed as to form an intimate part of the sheer seawall itself. They do not seem so much to have been erected upon it as to have been rooted into its summit and to crown this rather like some native growth than some deliberated, artificial annex. They are mostly continuations of the steep rock, and one suspects them of having cellars and perhaps secret pass-

ages as well, which delve into the living stone for incalculable yards.

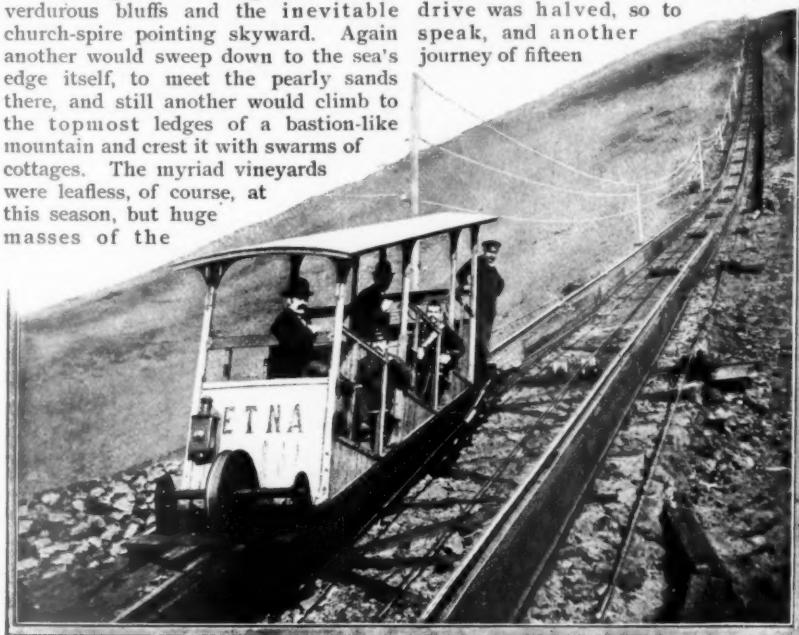
Especially did this seem true, I thought, of the Hotel Tramontano, to whose seaward-fronting portals you ascend by stairways hewn, if I err not, from the scarp itself, and slanting in ascendant zigzags to the most hospitable if aerial of halls. My bedchamber fortunately fronted upon the Mediterranean, and its low windows opened upon a balcony at either end of which was a carved marble bench, set tight against the soldest of abutments. It was an ideal Italian loggia, but when I peered over its balustrade I comprehended the great height of my quarters, watching some boys on the sands below me that looked scarcely larger than mice, and some moored fishing-smacks that seemed minute enough to be their tiny nautical toys. Soon the early winter starlight shrouded Naples and Vesuvius in lilac haze, and a little later the widths of unruffled sea were set sparkling below the rays of a full, imperial moon. With reluctance I shut my window, for a January night even in Sorrento cannot be too rashly braved. But that inalienable moonlight mingled itself with the ruddy flashes of my wood fire,

and wove itself afterward into the dusky textures of my dreams.

On the morrow I had myself driven thirty miles, from Sorrento to Amalfi. It seems to me that one might live thousands of years and yet always remember the unrivaled beauty of this drive. Say what we may please, Nature has been kinder to Italy (and Switzerland, which is geographically a part of her) than to any other country on earth. Here she tumbles her mountains down toward the water with an unspeakable union of grandeur and grace. No where, I believe, is there a coast so paradisiac as this which I now traversed, with its clean, firm, walled road running almost continuously close to the sea yet hundreds of feet above it. Vietri, Ravello, Minori, Majori, Positano, Capo d'Orso and many another town or village unfolded themselves on my right in constant panoramic loveliness. Now one of them would be seen scattered over some precipitate mountainside, its numberless white houses looking from afar like a shower of drifted apple-blossoms. Another would nestle within a gorge, all its dwellings huddled together between verdurous bluffs and the inevitable church-spire pointing skyward. Again another would sweep down to the sea's edge itself, to meet the pearly sands there, and still another would climb to the topmost ledges of a bastion-like mountain and crest it with swarms of cottages. The myriad vineyards were leafless, of course, at this season, but huge masses of the

Italian bean-tree (*carruba*) fringed miles of roadside, and the ubiquitous *ilex* and cypress rose from many a reach and ravine. Incessantly the quick brown-green lizards would dart from their sunny spots of siesta on the lichenized rocks, as my wheels came grinding onward. I sometimes think it is the lizards and the great occasional clusters of prickly wild cactus that give you as strong assurance of being actually in Southern Italy as almost any other encountered feature—hardly even excepting the miraculous deep violet of the heaven itself.

I had luncheon in the exquisite town of La Cava dei Terreni, a famous summer-resort for Neapolitans and representative of their most exclusive society. It is a society, by the way, which shrinks from English or American association. La Cava, embosomed in low hills, has a certain resemblance to portions of our own Catskills, though in latter January, when I saw it overbrowed by a sky of June and overswept by mild noon-day breezes, this resemblance would hardly, I fancy, have been apparent. Here my long drive was halved, so to speak, and another journey of fifteen



FUNICULAR RAILWAY ON VESUVIUS.



POMPEII.

miles brought me at nightfall, chilled and longing for shelter from the cruel, insidious, nocturnal cold, to Amalfi. Eulogies, I am well aware, have been poured forth upon this place, and its approaches are undoubtedly divine. Then, too, there is the old Capuchin monastery half-way up the heights, now turned into the Albergo Cappuccini-Convento, where a traveler can find quaint yet pleasing lodgment. There are steep terraces full of rose-tinted or ocher-hued houses, and there is the Cathedral of San Andrea, with its bronze Byzantine doors and its campanile adorned with columns taken from Paestum. But, when all is said, Amalfi totally lacks the

neat, cleanly charm of Sorrento, abounding as it does with the most aggressive and repulsive beggars, and showing in its small piazza and its narrow streets a great deal of nauseous and time-honored dirt. Still, one's love and enthusiasm for all this entrancing coast has now reached a point where to pardon the pitiful signs of poverty becomes a spontaneous, pleasurable relief; and a few hours later my carriage had scarcely begun its rattle of departure along the stony roadways of Amalfi before I found myself repeating Longfellow's rhythmic lines to her with as much relish as if I had found them realistically true:

"Sweet the memory is to me
Of a land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains meet,
Where amid her mulberry-trees
Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless summer seas."



THE STAGE AND THE BEAUTY PROBLEM.

BY JAMES S. METCALFE.

IS beauty only skin-deep? One might be tempted to doubt the truth of the hoary aphorism in considering the general effect of beauty on the world's history, its importance in daily life and, especially, its concrete value in stage success. If anywhere, beauty of the skin-deep variety should count for much on the stage, where it has every opportunity to enhance its where the impression counts much in the struggle for preëminence. But even on the stage beauty is not everything. This truth has been learned, at financial cost to their friends and personal disappointment to themselves, by several provincial beauties who have sought to make their natural endowments take the place of trained art in those favorite rôles of the aspiring débutante—Camille and Juliet.

This is not to deny the large part that personal comeliness plays in the success of the actress. The face and figure that lend themselves readily to the art of the photographer and to the mechanical processes which multiply his results are an excellent foundation for the notoriety which nowadays is essential to managerial recognition. Then, if there is back of the good looks even slight ability, time and training may help on to the moderate or even great position which the individual could never have hoped for without the original inheritance from Mother Nature.

On the one side it is safe to say that no

woman has ever acquired permanent stage success with beauty as her only possession; on the other are numerous instances of plain women who have made ability and work bring them at least moderate success, and if there were added to those important factors the wonderful and mysterious one of personal magnetism, as great successes as any known to the stage. The costumer, the wig-maker and the make-up box can do much with the most ordinary of physical foundations to work on; not the ablest of authors, trainers and stage-managers can supply talent to the most beautiful of fools. But beauty helps towards the securing of opportunity and prepossesses the public towards her who owns it. She does what she can do without having prejudice to overcome, while her plainer sister must carry the handicap of her audiences' coldness.

In America we have not reached that stage of beauty-worship which, in Europe, makes famous even the obscure figurante, if she possesses enough physical attractions to catch the attention of an audience. The oft-mentioned fact that we have no leisure class may account for the comparatively small importance we attach to such topics, or it may be that our practicality requires something more than mere personal beauty as a basis for feminine greatness, even when that greatness may mean only the glory of the moment.

All of these facts



JOSÉFINA HUGUET D'ARNOLD

may account for the evident one that our stage is not peopled with eminent beauties. Even the enterprising circus-manager who offered a ten-thousand-dollar prize and the prospect of a permanent engagement for the most beautiful woman in America was not overwhelmed with contestants who were entitled to serious consideration in such a competition. His conditions were simple, inasmuch as they called for nothing more than personal beauty. Brains, ability, talent, not even style were necessities, and the

final result must have been disappointing to the gallant patriot who is forever maintaining that America contains the most beautiful women in the world. Even Kentucky, whose valiant sons are ever ready to contend for the superiority of her women, was unable to supply a star-eyed goddess, whose name should go down to fame alongside of hers who won the golden apple of Paris. America and the American stage are rich in pretty women who are outside the pale of strict criticism, but who supply their variance from the classical and other standards with a cleverness and manner which make us forget regularity of feature and perfection of form.

In feminine beauty, more than in anything else perhaps, we must not raise the question of taste—and heaven defend that writer who would dare to say that any woman was the most beautiful of her sisters or who would dare to attempt to analyze or defend his position in comparing the beauties of actresses who contend for popular favor. The woes of Paris would be slight in comparison with his, and his powers of judgment would be regarded with contempt by every man who ever admired a pretty woman, i. e., by every man on earth except the personally interested ones who might agree with him. To the coster, his "donna" is the Venus of the world, as is the "Dienstmädchen" to her Hans; to the lover the world over no stage beauty, with all the powerful aid



JULIE DE CRÉ.

of paint, powder and lime-light, can shine in the same universe with the star of his affections, but not all the world is composed of lovers, and a large percentage of its disinterested inhabitants turn to the stage for that enjoyment to the eye which is found in contemplating the fairest examples of the fairer sex. To them the question of stage beauty is one of some importance, even though in America they insist that it shall be backed up by merit of another sort or sorts.

It may also be questioned whether American actresses make the most of the natural beauty they possess. To the full advantage of beauty for the stage must be brought not only innate taste (meaning the sense of what is becoming), but the knowledge of how to utilize adventitious aids. This art is a study in the European theaters, and is handed down in tradition from actress to actress, through the conservatories, and through generations of dressers. The actress who secures even a moderate prominence finds ready to her use the accumulated wisdom of decades. Let her once rub the lamp of professional success, and its competent slaves are ready with all their skill at her command. In like case, the American finds herself largely at the mercy of those who know no more than herself how to secure the best stage effect with the charms that she possesses. Inexperience and incompetence, the absence of skilful suggestion and trained criticism may spoil even what nature has done for her. In the important matter of facial "make-up" she may go through her whole career without the one suggestion which might turn plainness into beauty, and give her the added advantage that possession implies. The artistic costumer and skilled perruquier are not frequent in the surroundings of the American stage, and the fact is made especially noticeable by the peculiar something which characterizes the general make-up of many of the stage women who



* THREE PORTRAITS OF ANNA HELD.

come to us from the capitals of Europe. There is a finish and a perfection of detail in all their accessories which makes even our most-vaunted beauties seem crude and provincial, although nature may have endowed the latter more generously with the genuine elementary attributes.

There are types of beauty for which stage art can do little in the way of enhancement. In coloring and feature, Mary Anderson had little to demand from artificial aid and, almost entirely without it, she made the Old World as well as the New admit her preëminence among beautiful women. She was almost a perfect example of one of the best types, and if she be taken as the standard no apology is needed for the statement that to-day our stage is not overcrowded with beautiful actresses, whether native or foreign. General attractiveness takes the place of supreme beauty, judged by any set standard, and here the American stage can hold its own with any other.

America—and nowhere better than on the stage is this fact illustrated—can not lay claim to any special type of beauty. We are a composite people and our stretch of territory gives us the variety which comes from the influence of every sort of climate. Some day we may have a type of our own, but it is yet too early in the history of this young country for the typical American beauty to have evolved. Racial problems take long for their solution, and we have many influences at work in different directions. None of us who live to-day can ever know what is to be the physical result of freedom, education and commingling of strains all molded by the vastly changed conditions of life, brought about by the wonders of modern civilization. It is a melancholy thought, perhaps, that we are not to see the American beauty of two centuries hence, but there is solace and recompense in contemplating those of to-day.

Europe is jealous in sparing to us her stage beauties. She retains them until the first blush has worn off; and, when they finally come to us, we usually have to pay well for the right to gaze. Virtue is said to be its own reward, but beauty is apt to find its reward in the coffers of the box-office, and our European sisters are not slow to realize this fact when they start for our shores. Mrs. Langtry found

her Uncle Samuel a generous friend, and others have found him ever ready to pay for the pleasure of having his eyes gladdened. In the current season these invaders of our dominions play a prominent part.

Certain of our own beauties have been so often pictured, that we have almost tired of them, as the Spartans tired of Aristides the Just. The camera has reproduced them until we know every possibility they may have of feature and of pose. This does not mean that personally they cease to interest, for in many instances their beauty is largely subsidiary to their other attractions, and the flesh and blood woman in action is always more interesting than her photographic or painted counterfeit. Not every day gives birth to a new stage beauty, and not every season largely augments their ranks.

This year the establishment of the New Imperial Opera at the old home of grand opera, the New York Academy of Music, in Fourteenth street, brings to us a host of new talent whose claims to beauty we can only judge by their photographs. The first requisite to grand opera is, of course, the ability to sing, but personal attractiveness seems to play an important part in the popularity of the singer. The types included in the new organization are all foreign. The features of Mme. Emma Calvé are so well known to the entire American public, through their constant reproduction, that it is interesting to observe those of her possible rival, Mme. Hariclee d'Arclée, who will sing Calvé's rôles in the new organization. Mme. d'Arclée is a Roumanian by birth and a protégée of the Queen of Roumania, who is more celebrated for her patronage of all the arts than for her royal position.

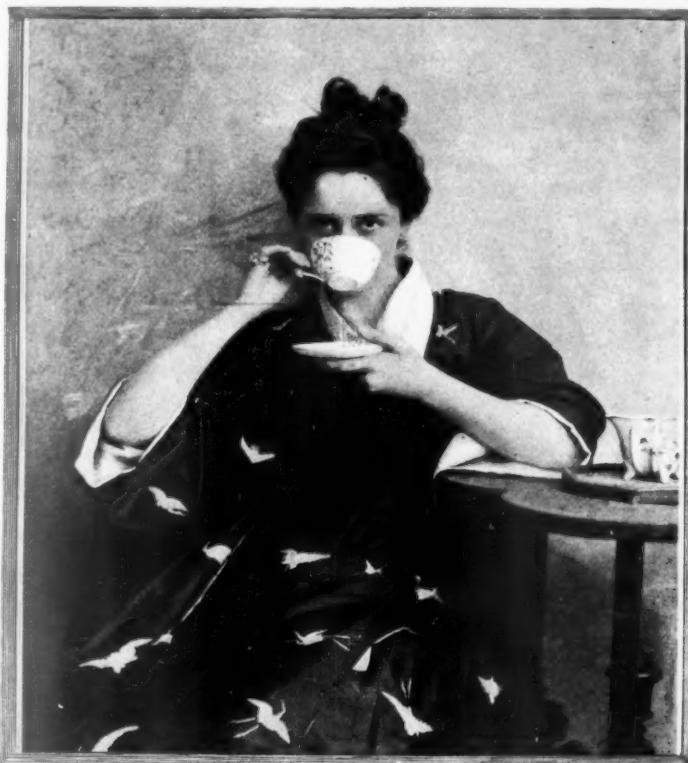
Mlle. Josefina Huguet d'Arnold is one of the sopranos of the new company and her beauty is of the Spanish type. She was born at Barcelona and our illustration shows her in the title rôle of "Lakmé," an opera which has hitherto been little known to the American public. Mlle. Julie de Cré, one of the contraltos of the Imperial Opera, is a Belgian who seeks American laurels early in her career, as she is only twenty-two years old.

Of another school and another type is Miss Violet Lloyd, a young English artist

of the "Gaiety Girl" school of burlesque, who made a pronounced success as Mollie Seamore in "The Geisha," the opéra based on Japanese life, which stands out as one of the few clever things of the sort lately sent to us from London. Miss Lloyd's beauty is pronouncedly of the Anglo-Saxon type, and is greatly enhanced by vivacity of movement and expression. As a rule, the English beauties who come to us are of the statuesque sort, and a vari-

type which yields to no other in magnetism and richness of life and coloring.

Anna Held is a French beauty who owes her claim and recognition in this class largely to popular fancy and the art of the photographer. Her pictures are exquisite, but in the woman it puzzles one to discover what it is that makes any one think her beautiful and supplies the material for the camera's beautiful product. She is an illustration of the vogue mentioned before



KATHERINE GREY.

ance from the ponderous type is a grateful relief.

Otero, the Spanish dancer, was well known to New Yorkers a few years ago, but since then her fame has become worldwide through her adventures in Russia and her capture of the Parisian public. She reappears in New York with her almost perfect Spanish beauty in its very prime and, as we see her to-day, may be taken as one of the best examples of a

which, in European capitals, exploits the beauty of the *café chantant* as well as that of the salons.

Of American beauties, Miss Georgia Cayvan returns to the stage as a star, after a prolonged absence due to ill health. Her recent photographs show her beauty not lessened but matured. It is one good thing about the American type, that it is free from the early fading which is a characteristic of the Latin races, and that in its



ETHEL BARRYMORE.

maturity it is even more attractive than in its incipiency.

Of the younger women on the American stage Miss Ethel Barrymore is interesting, not only from the piquancy of her face and the originality of her work, but also from the fact that she is at the other and younger end of the eminent theatrical line, of which Mrs. John Drew is the surviving head. It is interesting to trace the family resemblance between one of the oldest of American actresses and one of the youngest in the profession. The daughter of Mr. Maurice Barrymore and of the lamented Mrs. Georgia Drew Barrymore, and the niece of Mr. John Drew, it is not strange that she already shows signs of a proficiency which, together with her personal attractions, should early bring her into strong professional prominence.

Miss Katherine Florence—now the wife of Mr. Fritz Williams, the clever young comedian of the Lyceum Theater—is well known as one of the most promising *ingénues* of the American stage. Her beauty is distinctly of the *ingénue* type, and adds grace and attractiveness to the dainty parts which usually fall to her lot.

Miss Katherine Grey is of another type, her work being on more serious lines and her beauty is of the intense sort, which lends itself to the expression of deep feeling.

The American dollar—gold, silver or paper—is an alluring object, and through no channel does it tempt beauty so irresistibly as through the portals of the theater. To our own countrywomen, as well as to foreigners, it makes its appeal distinctly heard, and, through the medium of the stage's requirements, the public secures the privilege of beholding, amidst favorable surroundings, the most beautiful women in the world—the most beautiful of objects that kindly nature and assisting art have supplied to the eye of our kind.

This worship of the stage beauty is not altogether reprehensible, although some of the churches include it among the things anathema of the theater and the satirists and paragraphists hurl their shafts of wit and sarcasm against that type of humanity known as the theatrical "Johnnie." The "Johnnie" is a natural fungus of the stage, and grows and multiplies under the radiance of the beautiful

lady of spangles, tights and abbreviated skirts. He worships not always with discrimination and the types he selects are not always of the purest Grecian. But to him and to many others the beauty of the stage represents all that is ideal in woman's loveliness. Theirs is an aesthetic cult, for they are not looking for domestic virtues nor housewifely accomplishments. In many cases it takes the worshipers' fancy out from the sordid surroundings of the commonplace and makes them

peculiar detail of style which appears to be an important factor in the general result. Its popular adoption by other women, particularly those of the cheaper type of would-be fashionables, is pronounced and rapid. A distinctive cut or coloring of the hair, a pleating of the skirt, a style of wearing the veil, have all found their rapid way into general vogue through their first use by stage beauties. Just at present Mlle. de Mérode, a Parisian dancer and beauty, is affecting a



VIOLET LLOYD.

revel with the very gods in the atmosphere of lovely woman. They see beauty at its best, with nothing lacking to its complete enhancement. Is it wonderful that the trade of the stage photographer thrives apace and that we are cloyed with beautiful creatures in theatrical pose?

The exploitation of the stage beauty has another effect in daily life which is somewhat amusing to the tracer of cause and effect. Let an actress who is successfully posing as a beauty adopt some

style of wearing the side hair so as completely to cover the ears. This is likely soon to become epidemic and the beauties of Broadway as well as of the provinces, round-faced and oval-faced, stout and slender, aquiline of nose and pug, will pay this new tribute to the power of the stage beauty.

In a commercial way, too, she makes her power felt. If she be thoroughly successful, her caprice for a certain fabric or color may cause a demand which

A SONNET.

sets to work the looms of distant lands
and freights the ships in far-off seas.
Worse effect than this, her passing fancy
may stop the songs of countless feathered beauties and even make their kind extinct.

Morals have nothing to do with the stage beauty. She serves her purpose if she delights the eye, and her admirers, as well as the public at large, forgive everything to her if she attains this end, in addition to the requirements of her art. A suspicion of naughtiness even adds attraction in the eyes of her more vulgar admirers but there is no real necessity

that the beautiful women of the stage be strive for the laurel crown of the great less good than others of her kind. To artist.



HARICLEE D'ARCLEE.

A SONNET.

BY WILL HILL.

GRIM Ferryman of Death, when thou shalt bear
Me hence all trembling o'er the Stygian tide,
Thy somber craft steer for some region where
My love and I together still may bide!

Be it in others' eyes or blest or curst,
Heed not; straight onward press, though round its shore
Fair sunbeams play or flames volcanic burst,
Soft breezes sigh or howling tempests roar!

No land, howe'er so blest, were heaven to me
Did not my love within its confines dwell;
With her, e'en hell a paradise would be,
Without her, heaven were naught but lasting hell.

Grant this; then though the night be dread and dark,
Eager I'll hail thee, and with joy embark.

be sure, her very reputation for beauty throws temptation in her way, but it is the temptation of the crudest sort, plainly labeled and not to be mistaken. Even in this respect beauty is not a drawback, but, as has been said before, is a strong ally for ability and hard work. It is the best advertisement in the world for real artistic merit; but alas! it so often makes rosy the beginning of the path to glory that the final goal is never sought, and its fortunate possessor is willing to be content with the title and emoluments of the stage beauty rather than



THROUGH ORIENTAL DOORWAYS.

BY LAURA B. STARR

FROM the yellow tiled roofs of the palaces belonging to the Emperor and members of the royal family to the mud-thatched cottage of the poorest coolie in China there is a strong family likeness, so to speak; a resemblance in shape and contour, if not in size and decoration. The low, sagging roofs, with upturned corners and wide projecting eaves, of temple, palace and hut show conclusively that the Celestials have in their permanent buildings but followed the outlines of the tent of their nomadic forefathers, which was pitched to-day and struck to-morrow. It is also obvious that that tent consisted of a horizontal pole, over which a fabric was thrown, supported at each end by cross-sticks.

The selection of the site for a home for the living or resting-place for the dead is made by the aid of a geomancer. He it is who, having decided upon a proper plot of ground, regulates the laying of the

ridge beams, the completion of the house and all matters pertaining to it, by means of various superstitions, by which he is supposed to secure happiness, wealth, numerous male progeny, and to avoid calamity, disease and early death for the master of the house.

A plain brick wall, ten or twelve feet high, incloses the entire grounds. One side of this abuts on the street or lane, and is the barrier which the wealthy Chinaman builds between his home and the outer world. There is an unwritten law or etiquette governing this, which undoubtedly had its origin in the fact that John Chinaman, like John Bull, likes to shut himself and his belongings quite out of sight of the world at large and to believe that his house is his castle, whatever that may mean. The seclusion of the women folk has, of course, been the main factor in bringing about this result in China.

In the middle of the wall abutting on the street there is usually a pair of plain folding doors, not unlike those of a barn or granary; these are kept closed most of the time and are securely locked at night. When they are opened one catches but fugitive glimpses of ornamental arches, carved gateways, open courts, behind another blank wall or wooden screen, which makes the path from the outer gateway to the first inner entrance a devious way. No two gateways, doors or windows are ever built opposite to each other, and no windows are ever put into the side of the house facing the street, no matter how far away it may be. This is to prevent the entrance of evil spirits, which the Chinese suppose to be unable to move in any other than a direct course.

On the outer doors are fastened colored paper pictures of two gods—Mun Shan—who are supposed to guard the doors and prevent the entrance of the aforesaid demons. If, in spite of the vigilance of the "gods of the door," a demon should manage to get inside the outer gateway he finds his way effectually blocked by a high screen wall.

Chinese houses vary in construction in different portions of the country; in some parts they are built of brick, in others mud is the principal ingredient, laid up as concrete walls are with us. Others again have the sides composed mainly of matting coated with mud, while in one large district the habitations are dug in the earth and form a system of caves or subterranean dwellings.

In place of a broad cornice, the top of the wall is frequently relieved by a pretty arrangement of modeled work or painted clay figures in alto-rilievo, representing a battle scene, a landscape, clusters of flowers or some other design, defended from the weather by the projecting eaves. A black-painted band, relieved by corners and designs of flowers and scrolls, is a cheap substitute used by the poor people, instead of the carved figures. The ridge poles have fantastic decorations of dragons' heads and globes. In Peking the framework under the wide eaves in palaces is tastefully painted in green and gold and protected by a netting of copper wire.

The exteriors of the better class of

houses display beautifully-designed window frames, painted balustrading on the verandas, while the projecting eaves and ends of the rafters are painted a bright red, which is the color of joy and happiness among these people.

Under the projecting eaves, near the outer doorway, hang paper lanterns inscribed with the name and title of the householder. The name of the family physician is written on the lintel of the door. This advertises him and also enables him to find the house of his patient when first called without inquiring of the neighbors. Frequently, strips of red paper covered with Chinese characters are framed and hung in the outer vestibule, these, the initiated tell us, are records of literary attainment or other honors gained by the occupant. If perchance he has gained the highest honor this is made known by a yellow card, which is the royal color. Street vendors often keep their weekly accounts on the door posts, thus doing away with the necessity of bills and account books.

The floors in the dwellings of the poor people and those of the middle class are beaten earth; when floors are seen in houses of the rich they consist of massive squares laid down or large glazed bricks. The best houses have flues for fires underneath, by which they are kept warm and dry; but the poor people have no way of heating their apartments, except by the use of small, portable braziers. In the North of China, where the cold is intense for four or five months of the year, almost all the houses have "kangs," which are raised like a dias about a foot above the floor, with flues for heating underneath. Here the family live and sleep, but if, by chance, too much fuel is put on at night the occupants run great risks of being suffocated.

Sumptuary laws govern the decoration of the outside of a house, not only what shall be painted, but what color shall be used. The inner arch and gateway of the better-class houses is usually of lofty proportions and great beauty. Some of them are very elaborately carved and richly ornamented with grotesque designs of fabled monsters—nothing seems too hideous to please the Chinese eye. They are always surmounted by a roof and often by two or three, the ridges of which

are decorated with curiously-shaped dolphins and dragons of porcelain and earthenware, fantastically painted and beautifully glazed.

A Chinese house is laid out in a series of courts, like the Spanish "patio," the handsomest having a reception-room, kitchen, and quarters for the men servants in houses parallel with the street. These form the outer court, the main house, facing the south, being in the second court; this has a wing on each side, each wing having a private wing belonging to it. Beyond the wings are two side houses which communicate with the chief court by means of the verandas, which run all around the inner courts. The parents occupy the main house, and the children with their nurses have the freedom of the wings. The married sons with their families live in the side houses. If there is an old mother alive she also has quarters here. The women servants have separate apartments on one side or the other of the wings. Opposite to them, on the other side of the house, is the garden, with its rookeries, artificial bridges, tiny

mountains, dwarfed trees, flowering plants and rippling water filled with the famous gold fish, for the culture of which the Chinese are noted.

The center court is called the "heavily well," and this, as well as the smaller ones, is often covered over with mats during the heat of the summer, so arranged that they can be slid back at night to let in the cool air. Much of the family life is carried on in the verandas which face the courts, and one does not wonder at it, for palms, running vines, birds and fountains are set about in delightful profusion. Flowering plants in pots—for no growing thing is set in the ground in China, save the few trees that are allowed to attain their natural growth—are ranged in long lines and borders, interspersed with seats of glazed earthenware, which are cheap as well as ornamental. Lotus ponds abound, where the "sacred lily" rises in stately dignity and makes the court a place of tropical beauty.

The poorest coolies often have but one compartment in their homes, but as they rise in the social scale the court arrange-



PARLOR IN PRIVATE HOUSE, CANTON.

ment obtains; this is occupied by several families and is entered by a small doorway from the street. The center apartment is a household shrine where all assemble at stated periods to worship the ancestors whose names are set forth on various tablets, before which incense is burned and a lamp kept lighted day and night, like the vestal fire. In the homes of mandarins and others who are at the top of the social ladder, there are rooms set apart to the worship of ancestors, sanctuaries sacred to the burning of perfumes, the presentation of offerings and the making of prostrations. It is in these rooms that they claim to have communications with the dead, for the Chinese are firm believers in a kind of spiritualism. The poorest coolie, who lives under the same roof with a score of others and has but a single room to himself, will have a corner for the sacred shelf dedicated to his ancestral tablets.

The river coolie, who is born, lives, and dies in the contracted space of a sampan, sets up a shrine, tiny though it be, before which is always a sprig of evergreen, or two or three sprays of bloom.

"Foos," palaces belonging to imperial princes, are scattered all over the empire. There are fifty of them in Peking and they are the most characteristic feature of the architecture of that city. They are given in perpetuity to certain princes of the blood for signal services, and also to the sons of the Emperor for their lives and two generations later; the great-grandson of the original recipient is, in each case, obliged to resign the gift to the sovereign, but, in most cases, it is again returned to the family.

The first room, and very likely the only one, the visitor is allowed to enter in the ordinary Chinese house is the reception-room, this is sometimes called the "guest-hall," and is near the main entrance and, in some instances, the outer door opens into it. The guest-room is furnished the same in all houses, that is, there is always the same number of chairs and the same kind, though they are more or less costly, according to the wealth of the owner. The chairs are ranged along the two sides of the room, with a teapoy or small stand placed between each pair. This is not conducive to general sociability, as one can only converse easily with

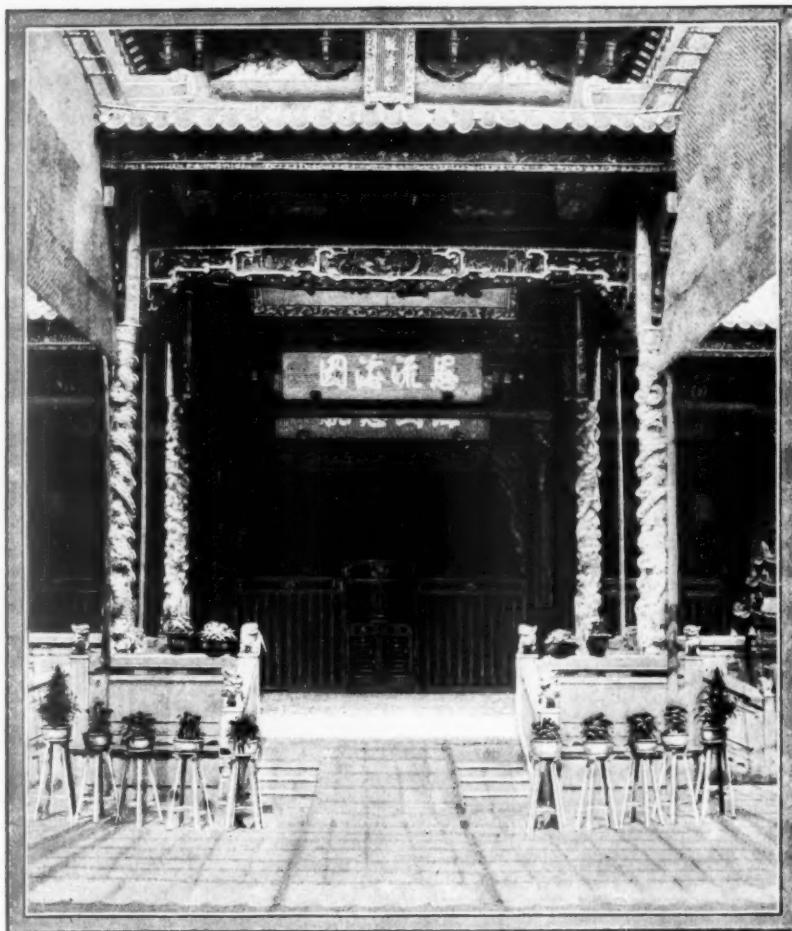
the person who sits in the chair on the other side of the tea-stand. The chairs, like all Chinese furniture, are angular and hard looking, with not the slightest trace of that ease-inviting softness which occidentals so much admire.

There is always one and sometimes two beautifully-carved couches in the room; one is invariably placed against the wall opposite the door, and this, on the left side of the host, is the seat of honor. In front of the entrance to the second court is another hall, which contains all the ancestral tablets. In this room, in spite of its sacredness and funereal air, the women usually receive their visitors, and, in some cases, the female servants sleep there.

The majority of Chinese rooms have no ceiling, but end with the roof; ceilings are only found in the houses belonging to the very wealthy. Here they are arranged in squares measuring from eighteen to twenty inches in diameter, each square covered with a sheet cloth or piece of handsome embroidery on silk, with crossings of frame structure, which gives a somewhat coffered effect. I fancy a decorated ceiling of this sort would be admirably suited to a seaside or mountain cottage at home and a pleasing novelty.

The windows, except of very modern dwellings, are of oiled paper or semi-transparent oyster-shell, artistically wrought in a variety of fantastic patterns; as may be imagined, these give very little light and no ventilation, consequently the house during the day is dark and dull, but at night, when the numberless picturesque lanterns are lighted, the scene is most beautiful. Round lanterns hang from the center and other points of the ceiling; some with flat backs are fastened to the wall and others are set upright on tables or stands. The prettiest and most expensive are made of white silk or gauze, delicately painted in a variety of colors, red—the symbol of joy—predominating. There are octagonal lanterns, fancifully painted, with red silk tassels hanging from each corner; mechanically-contrived lanterns, which the heat sets in motion; beautifully-carved horn lanterns, and some of basket-work and bamboo.

The rooms are separated, one from another, by carved wooden scrollwork,



INTERIOR OF A GILDHALL, CANTON.

which is most ornamental and gives a very rich and handsome appearance to the interior. This carving is sometimes gilded and sometimes polished; again the wood is left in a state of nature and given only a coating of wax. This carved trellised work is put into every conceivable place; low, deep friezes are often set all around a room; again corners are arranged in doorways and archways, and, occasionally, the entire walls are paneled with it.

The Chinese are as fond as the French of mirrors; large and small ones are scattered about, and cheval glasses placed in

positions to give an idea of grandeur and extent.

The studios of scholars have furniture peculiar to them. The table is supplied with paper, pencil brushes, ink and ink-stone, while against the walls stand shelves on which, by a curious survival of the practise common in the libraries of Babylonia, the books are arranged on their sides, their lower edges, on which are inscribed the titles of the works they contain, being alone visible.

The doors of a Celestial home, instead of following a monotonously rectangular form, like those of the Western world, are

sometimes round, or leaf-shaped, or semi-circular apertures. The round doors are regarded as a symbol of the sun. Another doorway will perhaps resemble a flower, illuminated by a window so constructed as to enhance the conceit, octangular doors are used in the gardens which separate one court from another; and again doors shaped like fans, leaves, scrolls and fruit are seen.

Unlike the Japanese, the Chinese have been accustomed to the use of chairs for centuries. According to Western ideas the Chinese chairs are models of discomfort, for they are made of a pattern which prevailed in England in the days of Queen Elizabeth or Queen Anne; tall, straight of back and inordinately angular. The most comfortable chair to be found has an adjustable back, and is filled with reversible cushions, but this is a modern invention. When visitors are expected, or on the celebration of an anniversary, strips of red cloth are thrown over the low couches and squares of the same material cover the seats of the chairs.

The Chinese bed is a high, unwieldy piece of furniture, but very often it is beautifully carved and hung with elegant embroidery. At Ning-Po there are very curiously-carved bedsteads which answer all purposes of a dressing-room as well as bed. Underneath are drawers and on either hand are all the necessary arrangements for washing, elaborate hair dressing and the application of cosmetics, so made as to be shut in by an outer inclosure of artistically-carved screenwork.

In summer the Celestials use pillows

made of strips of bamboo and hollow porcelain; in winter these are exchanged for pillows covered with cloth, embroidered at the ends. A soft downy pillow is unknown to them; all their head-rests are high and hard, and curved to fit the shape of the neck and the back of the head. Sheets, pillow-cases and table-cloths are unknown. Wadded comforts, like the Japanese "futons," are used for bed coverings. When the Chinese pay visits they literally obey the biblical injunction to take up their beds and walk, for they carry mattress, pillows, and covering with them, the host furnishing the bedstead only.

The dining tables are circular in shape and stand in the center of the room, surrounded by high carved stools with marble seats.

The apartments of the women are in the rear of the house and here no male member of the family may come, save the husband. Though each family has separate apartments for men and women, still, there are always two or more general rooms where all may congregate for tea and gossip. Whatever can be im-



PARLOR IN RESIDENCE, CANTON.



CHINESE RECEPTION-ROOM.

aged in as contributing to pleasure and luxury, is to be found in the apartments of the women of the better class. The men of this country say that on entering the zenanas, they leave all worldly cares and remembrance of them behind on the door mat, and only take them up again when they go out.

A lady missionary who has lived many years among the Celestials, and through whose gentle influence many customs had come to be modified, in her case at least, writes of a visit to the house of a wealthy Chinaman, where she had access to the private apartments of the women. Their bedrooms she found small, meanly furnished, illly ventilated and lighted, but the other rooms were filled with belongings of the most beautiful and expensive description. The doorways were hung with silken damask curtains, exquisitely embroidered. One was a gold ground with crimson flowers, separated by broad stripes of pale sea green. In front of the curtain was a low ottoman covered with fine crimson felt. In the center of the ottoman stood an elaborate brazier of filigree work, filled with live charcoal,

upon which incense powder was burned from time to time.

All the tables and chairs were covered with drapery of fine embroidery; tea was served in tiny cups of eggshell thinness, without handles, the servant handing them around in oval silver holders pointed at the ends, the guest taking the cup only.

At dinner, the napkins, which the Chinese very graphically call "food arresters," were of the same size as ours, but made of delicately-colored silk, printed or painted over with flowers and lined with a contrasting color. Her own was made of pale olive green, decorated with roses and lined with a delicate shade of pink satin, a most artistic combination. One corner of it was turned down, and a silk cord sewn on to it to serve as a button-latch.

When dinner was finished a lacquered basin of hot water was brought in, and a small cotton or linen napkin wrung out of it and handed to each lady to wipe her hands on.

The Chinese love ornaments of brass and bronze; their incense burners and charcoal braziers being specimens of ex-

quisite work. Their china vases and decorative pieces are selected with great care, taste and critical ability; they cherish these with fondness and they are handed down from generation to generation with loving kindness; it is only when misfortune overtakes a family that the "outside barbarian" can by any chance secure any of these old treasures.

The "foreign devils" find much to interest and please them, if they are fortunate enough to gain entrance to a Chinese home. One of the most characteristic houses open to the public is that belonging to Mr. Houqua, a merchant living a few miles above Canton. There is a large suite of rooms in which he entertains his

numerous European and Chinese friends; these are beautifully furnished and the decoration is supplemented, in many cases, by European articles. The garden is one of the finest in that portion of the empire, and here the stranger may wander at will until he reaches a door bearing the following legend: "Saunterers here will be excused entering." This leads to the private apartments of the women, and although Mr. Houqua is far in advance of most of his countrymen in Western ways—so far that he takes two or three of his wives at a time to the races in Hong-Kong—still he has not come to the point of letting them receive visitors in their own apartments.

UNSOLVED.

BY HELEN O'SULLIVAN DIXON.

To-night across the vast solitudes of heaven the angels bear something, give it silently to God.

At this same instant, angels cross the vast solitudes of heaven, touch earth, leave something coming from God.

That for which the gates of heaven have opened, does it suffer over there, far from all this that it loves? Who hath waited to take it in? With what doth it now bide? That which hath been left, that which hath slept in the breast of things invisible, that over whose velvet lips the soft breath of angels hath swept, what may it become among us? Are the flowers that bud over there more beautiful than those here below? Do diviner sunsets tremble along the line of scarlet and amber that divides us? Doth the white violet breathe out sweeter fragrance over the stream that flows by the great throne? Over there, doth one tremble on the strange threshold of things uncomprehended? Is the twilight as soft? And the dawn? The even-song the same? Is love faithful, and friendship fast? Doth that thread of gold which dreamers call Faith, get black and cold and broken?—

Thou hast not yet told me! — — —

All this that I know—the white dew of the morning which sleeps in the bosom of the rose—the first and last kiss of a mother—the benediction of all that is pure—are not more mysterious, more divine than that fragile thing left here by the angels—than that they have borne away.



BELLES OF CARACAS.

BY W. NEPHEW KING.

THE controversy over the boundary of British and Venezuelan Guiana has brought before the eyes of the world that rich tropical wilderness lying between the basins of the Orinoco and Essequibo, and the turbulent little republic has been described from every standpoint. Countless views have shown its picturesque mountain scenery, and many distinguished writers told of its soft and genial climate, its mineral and agricultural wealth, and yet each has been silent upon a subject closely allied to the history and traditions of the "Land of Bolivar"—its beautiful women. Had it been necessary to resort to arms, as at one period of the dispute seemed the only solution, the "daughters of the Andes" would, doubtless,

have proved themselves as heroic and self-sacrificing as they did during the long struggle for independence.

The Cordillera, in its serpentine windings throughout the South American continent, contains many treasures, but none of such intrinsic value as its women.

And not only are they fair as the tropic moon, but, above all else, instinctively good. Though it is difficult to write of that which one does not understand (and what man has ever understood women?), he who can live among the soft-eyed houris of the tropics and remain insensible to their subtle charm must, indeed, be a creature of another world. However true may be the saying that women are inherently good and men inherently bad, there is a degree of



SEÑORITA MARIA TERESA SUCRE.

BELLES OF CARACAS.



SEÑORITA MARÍA TERESA SALAS.

more domestic, than those of the temperate zone, I would doubtless bring down upon my head an avalanche of criticism. And yet I am forced to admit this sad truth. That such a state of affairs exists is not due to any defect in the nature of our women, but to the careless manner in which young girls are brought up in the United States. It is a fault of institutions—not of morals. There, complete domestic happiness is the rule—not the exception. Here, it is the exception—not the rule.

Even in the great capitals of South America the divorce court is unknown, and newspapers discuss other topics than the details of marital unfaithfulness. Among the better classes scandals are unknown and the "family skeleton" has no place in the Spanish-American household. A cynical foreigner once said to me: "Women of the tropics are no better than those of other countries, the only reason that they are not openly so bad is because they have not the chance." How-

virtue or vice in each; and though climatic influences may affect both, human nature is very much the same the world over.

If I should say that the women of South America are more gentle, more affectionate,

ever much this may be believed by some, I hold that the influence which surrounds one in early youth has everything to do with the development of character. If immoral books are placed in the hands of young girls, questionable dramas represented upon the stage, and nude pictures exhibited in every parlor, it is as impossible to believe that they will not influence the growing mind, as to say that you can stir the muddy bottom of a stream without discoloring the clear water above.

It has been said that Northern women are brighter and more clever than those of South America, and that to be bright and clever one must know everything. If such be the case, it is a sad commentary upon our institutions. Should domestic happiness be sacrificed upon the altar of higher education? And, after all, is not the former the chief aim of mankind? There is no doubt that the heat of a tropical climate, and the sensuous influences of an eternal spring, tend to develop more fervent natures than our cold, practical temperature. But if, on the other hand, a people whose pulses are quicker and blood warmer, can teach us a lesson in virtue, do they not deserve more



SEÑORA DE GUZMAN, WIFE OF THE SON OF THE EX-PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA.

credit? No one is a saint until he has been tempted—and the steel is not valued until it has passed through the fire.

The "dolce far niente" life that the Spanish-American señorita is supposed to lead



SEÑORA IGNACIA DE FOMBONA

exists only in the imagination of some writers who have never lived a day in the tropics. The young lady in question takes her morning bath and cup of coffee or chocolate many hours in advance of her Northern prototype. And in Venezuela, where I have passed many years of my life, before the morning sun gilds the distant mountain peaks, the belles of Caracas are enjoying their constitucionals in the mazy walks of the "Plaza de Independencia." In fact, all over South America every one rises early to enjoy a breath of fresh air before the sun reaches the zenith. Visit any of the principal parks, ride far out into the country shortly after sunrise, and you will see the sweetest, freshest faces in the world, and hear that enchanting "muy buenos dias, caballero," from lips that would pale the traditional cherry.

Until the noonday meal, the life of a Venezuelan señorita is anything but an idle one. She assists her mother in the household duties, cuts out dresses that are to be sent to the seamstress for completion, works on some dainty piece of embroidery, or practises for hours upon the piano.

In the afternoon she takes her "siesta," and then dresses either for a drive or to



SEÑORITA MARIA TERESA SUAREZ.

exchange social visits, always accompanied by mamá. Sometimes, arrayed in gorgeous colors, she sits in the low bay window behind its massive iron bars and awaits the coming of her lover; for she is never permitted to converse alone with him, except at the hour that the sun begins to sink below the peaks of the Andes. And this is as brief as it is entrancing, for the twilight does not linger long under a tropic sky.

In the evening, the great parlor is ablaze with many lights and if her friends have not been bidden to a "baile" or "reunion" they are welcomed with true Spanish courtesy, and listen to music of which any professional might well be proud.

There are several characteristics of the "Venezolana" that impress the foreigner above all others. Foremost among these is the love and respect for her parents. It is needless to say that there can be no evil thought in the heart of a girl whose mother is her



SEÑORITAS MARIA TERESA RODRIGUEZ AND LUISA AMELIA AZERM.

best friend—and the influence these good women possess over their daughters is something marvelous in these "fin-de-siècle" days. During all the years that I lived in Caracas, never did I hear an angry or disrespectful word between mother and child. It is an axiom that "good daughters make good wives," and perhaps this beautiful trait, which seems to be a second nature to the girls of Spanish-America, is a preparation for that more important sphere in which they make ideal wives. After marriage there is no world outside of their husbands and children, no tête-à-têtes with old sweethearts, and you may consider yourself particularly fortunate if a señora should give you a dance, even though her husband may consent, unless he is in the ball-room at the time.

Another characteristic that appeals to the heart, and which we would do well to emulate, is the true affection and sympathy expressed in sorrow. Whenever a "Venezolana" is in trouble or there is a death in the family, it calls forth not only messages of condolence but proves a magic link to bind the sufferer closer to her friends. What a lesson to our "fair-weather friends" who flock around us in prosperity, but utterly forsake us in the hour of adversity.

Though there is much to admire in the social life of Venezuela, there is also something to condemn. Customs and traditions are deep-rooted, and far easier would it be to move their giant mountains



SEÑORITA MARÍA TERESA RODRÍGUEZ.

than to change one of these. Even in broad daylight, it is considered improper for women to appear alone upon the streets. If the fair señorita wishes to go shopping, she must remain a prisoner in the house, unless some male relative can be persuaded to act as escort, or the hated duenna consents to protect her from the rude stare of the men. Why this should be the case in time of peace, I fail to see; for the men of Venezuela respect their good women more than all else in the world. The tradition, I suppose, was one brought over from the mother country by the early conquerors, and though I can understand how dangerous it must have been for unprotected women to go out alone while the peninsula was infested with the Moors, certainly there is not now a tithe of reason for adhering to such a custom.

If there be one place where the fair Venezolana may be seen in all her glory, it is the cathedral. Go there upon any Sunday morning or "dia de fiesta" and the blood will thrill through your veins as it probably never has before. Within those sacred portals, there is no caste, for



SEÑORA BOLET DE PONCE DE LEÓN

the señorita with the blue blood of Castile worships the same God as the poor Indian peon. Around the chancel rail you will see hundreds of faces, any one of which Raphael would have chosen for his Madonna, and eyes that no pen, save that of Théophile Gautier, could picture.

Though the belles of Caracas are quite "up to date" as to fashion, the "new woman" with a masculine tendency and vulgar slang has not yet made her appearance, and the fair señorita grows to womanhood retaining that sweet and gentle refinement which ever commands the admiration of mankind. In this respect, like our mothers and grandmothers, they may be called "old-fashioned," inasmuch as modesty and femininity are the two qualities most desired by the fair Caraqueña. Apropos of this singularly attractive attribute, I recall an incident that will show, more than all else, the sincere purity of character of the young girls of Caracas.

A friend of mine from New York, who was visiting in the city last winter, became engaged to a young woman belonging to one of the old families. Excepting a few moments' chat with his sweetheart at the low bay window on the street and numerous declarations of love by telephone, that he once wittily said almost melted the wire, the young man in question had never spoken one word alone to his fiancée. To an American, especially a New Yorker, this peculiar state of affairs was inexplicable,

and the warmer his affection grew the more unendurable became this restraint. Finally, one evening when the object of his devotion was left alone in the window, mamá excusing herself for a moment to obtain a drink of water, nothing seemed more natural to him than that his hand should seek hers. Before the poor fellow had been able to give it that gentle pressure, which to lovers means more than a thousand words, his sweetheart, shocked beyond expression, rushed away from the window blessing herself, as is the custom of the women at the first indication of the approach of

the dread earthquake or any other danger or evil.

The next evening, when the amazed American attempted to explain that an engaged couple in his country were permitted not only to clasp hands but even to kiss each other, the young woman vowed that she would never leave the peaks of the Andes for such a wicked country.

In these "fin-de-siècle" days, such purity can be likened only to a breath of those trade winds that sweep down the fertile valley of Caracas, laden with the perfume of wild flowers.

There has sprung up among the Venezuelan women recently a strong liking for English literature. The reading of English and American authors is considered now essential to a proper education, and in consequence the English-speaking population is rapidly increasing.



SEÑORITA LUISA AMELIA AZERM.



PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TAI-PING REBELLION.

BY GENERAL EDWARD FORESTER.

SECOND IN COMMAND OF "THE EVER-VICTORIOUS ARMY" AND SUCCESSOR
AFTER DEATH OF GENERAL FREDERICK WARD.

THE consultation with Admiral Hope, which had resulted in the promise of the partial coöperation of the English forces, had been followed by the inauguration of a new policy. This involved the abandonment of all attempts to recruit Europeans and the enlistment and disciplining of a Chinese force under foreign officers. After several months' hard work we had in shape three thousand well-drilled troops, and felt able to make a forward movement on Kajow, a walled town which occupied an important position on the peninsula opposite Shang-Hai.

Our advance was met by a body of five thousand rebels, who had taken up a position about a mile from the city, where a strong stockade had been constructed. It was a foolish maneuver. Our assaulting column of fifteen hundred disciplined Chinese swept down on them with unhesitating bravery. So violent was the charge that we not only carried the stockade, but, after some fierce fighting, drove the enemy panic-stricken along the causeway leading to the city. General Ward, seeing how tremendously we were outnumbered, feared the assaulting force, which was under my command, would be entirely overwhelmed. Feeling sure that the "Retreat," which I heard sounded just as we reached the inside of the stockade, had been ordered under a misapprehension, I took the risk of disobeying and ordered my bugler to sound the "Advance," for I felt sure of the enthusiasm of the men, and was confident we had victory within our grasp.

There was a mile stretch of causeway from the stockade to the city, and this was turned into a slaughter-pen. The enemy were packed in it so closely, and we were at such short range, that our fire did terrible execution. So demoralized were the rebels, that no attempt was made to resist when we reached the gates. Nevertheless, I left five hundred men there, in reserve, and with the remaining force rushed the enemy pell-mell through the

city, detaching a battalion to cover the walls and dislodge any bands of the garrison that might feel like sticking to their posts. The rout was complete. Not only was the enemy in wild retreat, but their panic had spread through the entire army. At the south gate they fell over each other in a frantic endeavor to escape. But once outside only the shores of the Yellow sea awaited them, and upon its sands Death stood with open arms. Our handful of men pressed them so fiercely that the rebels had no time to take to their boats. In despair they leaped into the water, to be drowned by wholesale.

A Hong-Kong steamer was passing during the enactment of this appalling scene, and among the passengers was the Hon. George Frederick Seward, subsequently for many years United States Minister to China, but then just entering upon his duties. The sight that met his eyes was a ghastly welcome to his future home. The number drowned was estimated at ten thousand. Many of the victims were so wounded they could not swim; others were trampled upon in the rush, and still others were too panic-stricken to make any effort to save their lives. It was a frightful day—that yelling, struggling mass of humanity going to its death, made a sight that was saddening even in the wild exhilaration of battle. For days afterward the shore was strewn with corpses. This was the first time that a walled city had been taken by Chinese troops.

The safety of Shang-Hai was a matter of much moment at this time. Admiral Hope, General C. W. Stanley, commanding the British forces, and Mr. Bruce, the English minister, held a consultation with Prince Kung and agreed that it was necessary to clear the country within a radius of thirty miles. In April, we again took the field and, with the assistance of the English and French marines, captured Wong-ka-tzu, a strong stockade south of Shang-Hai. The Tai-Pings fell back on another series of stockades five miles

further inland. I followed with fifteen hundred men; but I had underestimated the resistance that would be offered, and was repulsed with such severe loss that I at once asked for reinforcements.

General Ward and Admiral Hope, with eight hundred blue-jackets and four twelve-pound howitzers hurried to my relief, and, taking possession of the first stockade, released my men for a flank movement. Without serious loss we captured the second stockade, driving the rebels into the canal, those not killed in the fight being drowned. Curiously enough, the course of the battle had been almost circular, so that when the enemy were finally annihilated we were almost back at the first stockade again. There stood Admiral Hope, leaning against the wall of an adobe house, carelessly flecking his boot with a riding whip, apparently oblivious to a very painful wound in the leg. He had refused to let either of the two fleet surgeons dress it until everybody else, Chinese as well as European, who had received more serious wounds had been attended to. The surgeons remonstrated, but the admiral insisted and waited six hours for his turn. His cavalry boots filled with blood to overflowing before the surgeons cut it off to dress the wound. The admiral had just passed his sixty-fifth birthday when this occurred.

We were resting and putting our force in condition, when word came that the rebels had massed a large army around Sung-Kiang. Small as were our numbers and rash as was the attempt, General Ward immediately ordered me to march to the relief of the garrison there. To reach Sung-Kiang it was necessary for us first to take the stockade at Wong-ka-tzu. This we succeeded in doing after a sanguinary fight, in which my command was reduced to less than one thousand men. Even of this number many were suffering from severe wounds. I had been struck in the chest by a bullet that passed through and out above the shoulder-blade, and I found the march a trying one. We suffered not only from hunger, fatigue and wounds, but were constantly harassed by the enemy. So demoralized did we appear that, when we reached our comrades, they thought we had been defeated and were flying. It required a

whole month for us to get in fighting shape again.

As soon as we were fit, another blow was struck at the enemy, with the intention of capturing Sing-Pu. In this expedition we had thirty-five hundred men, and thirty-five guns, from twelve to sixty-eight pounders, mounted on a flotilla of small side-wheel steamers. A few light-draught gunboats from the French and English fleets also went as supports.

Two days later we opened fire on Sing-Pu. It was a comparatively easy matter to breach the walls with our heavy ordnance, and that once accomplished we carried the city by storm in fine style. No sooner, however, were we in possession, than news was brought that Sung-Kiang was invested by more than one hundred thousand Tai-Pings.

The fall of Sung-Kiang meant peril to Shang-Hai, and so, after a council of war, the gunboats of the allies turned their prows and steamed back to Shang-Hai, while General Ward took two thousand men aboard the flotilla and started for the relief of Sung-Kiang.

Left with fifteen hundred men to hold Sing-Pu against I knew not how strong an enemy, I did not feel uncomfortable at the time, for both the French and English admirals promised to send me reinforcements within forty-eight hours.

We had a considerable number of prisoners and, after seeing the flotilla off, it was dark when I reentered the city. I had not the vaguest idea of how many prisoners we had captured, but when they were all corralled there proved to my astonishment to be about four thousand.

The help promised within two days failed to materialize. Then came a period of weary watching and waiting. Days merged into weeks, and no message or sign of relief came. Every day my fears grew stronger that some disaster must have happened to my friends. These fears were confirmed when one day some stragglers were caught outside the walls. They told us that Sung-Kiang had fallen and the entire garrison of five thousand had been massacred. What chance had I with only fifteen hundred? It was not until weeks later that this report was found to be without truth and simply an ingenious ruse of the enemy to weaken our courage.

We were not left long to think about

it. The rebels swarmed down on us in great numbers soon afterwards. They built a stockade around the city, about a mile from the walls, and began a series of attacks. Time and again they made desperate attempts to scale the walls with ladders. We were kept busy night and day. For the first few weeks of the siege, before my force was seriously reduced, I tried to counteract this by making frequent sorties under cover of night or a heavy fog. These dashes were bloody affairs and always resulted in heavy loss to the enemy. But they could spare ten where I could spare one, and the material reduction of my force began to be disastrous.

After our position had become a desperate one, the rebel Wang, The Protecting King, sent a flag of truce to the gate, with a request for a personal interview. It was appointed for the next day. At that time my command was less than five hundred. His request was doubtless intended as a means of determining our strength, and it seemed unwise to permit him to come into the city. But it suddenly occurred to me that I might improvise an army for his especial entertainment. The uniforms of our dead soldiers were divided among a certain number of the rebel prisoners who were drawn up in double rank behind a front line of our own men. These forced enlistments were given bamboo sticks to hold, which at a distance of a few hundred yards looked enough like gun barrels to deceive any one, and were told that the slightest movement meant instant death.

This trick was all the easier to practise on Wang as he only had one eye, the other having been put out by the explosion of a percussion cap. He had achieved the soubriquet of "Cockeye" in consequence. When he was escorted through the square where the make-believe garrison was drawn up, it appeared several times as large as it really was.

Wang made a very liberal proposition. He offered if I would capitulate, to give each officer as much gold, and each private as much silver as he could carry, and guaranteed that the Tai-Pings should draw back five miles from the city walls, so that we might have secure egress, by the south gate, to Sung-Kiang.

I refused the offer and, pointing boast-

fully to the garrison, which I asserted was strong enough to hold the city against any odds, intimated that the interview was at an end.

Unfortunately, all my officers were with me during the conference, and heard the liberal money offer made by Wang. It aroused their cupidity at once and, with the excuse that we could not hold out much longer anyway, the bolder ones spoke up and asked me to recall Wang before it was too late. When I refused to listen to them they went off to their quarters very sullenly.

Among the Chinese sergeant-majors were some thoroughly loyal and faithful men. Two of them warned me that evening, that serious dissatisfaction was growing among the officers. I set an investigation on foot and found that a treacherous plot was already under way to have me assassinated if I should persist in refusing Wang's offer. When I should be out of the way, the negotiations would be resumed and some story cooked up to account for my death.

There was no time to spare. The ring-leaders were arrested, but the next morning came a "round robin" from all the remaining officers demanding that I accept the terms of the capitulation. This bordered so close on mutiny that I was forced to put the "round robin" writers under arrest, too. It left me in a deplorable condition. Fighting, fatigue and famine had worn us out, and now, with all my European officers in prison, I had nothing but Chinese to depend upon.

The days dragged wearily on, marked by skirmishing and an occasional attack in force, until one day word was brought me that a lorcha, flying the French flag, was approaching the city by way of the canal. Standing on the top of the wall at the gate, I was able to look right down on her deck as she approached. I hailed the boat, and the commander replied that she was loaded with arms and ammunition for the rebels, and on her way to the front.

He proposed to keep right on his course whether we liked it or not. The lorcha was being towed by about fifty coolies on each bank. I ordered a corporal, who could speak their dialect, to call out to the coolies that as soon as they had passed the wall if they dropped the rope and ran we wouldn't shoot them.

The canals in China are dyked so that they can be tapped for irrigating purposes. I took a small force and running rapidly to another gate of the city, got under shelter of the canal bank before the lorcha came up. My force was posted where we could sweep the deck of the vessel as soon as it passed the wall. The plan worked perfectly. With the first shot, the coolies ran, and the boat, thus deserted, lost headway and swung across the canal. Our first volley killed several. The others bolted and escaped over the stern.

The coolies, who escaped, unwittingly did me a good turn. When they reached Shang-Hai, they said that the lorcha had been captured by the rebels. This report reached the ears of Li Hung Chang, who had just been made viceroy of the province of Kiang-Soo, and who communicated the news to General Ward. When the uniforms were described, Ward at once recognized that it was my command which had captured the boat. Until then he had supposed that my entire force, as well as myself, had been put to death and that Sing-Pu was in the hands of the rebels. That was the reason no reinforcements had been sent to me.

General Ward at once set about organizing an expedition, in conjunction with Admiral Hope, for my relief. When assembled, the force consisted of two thousand disciplined Chinese troops, five hundred men from the Naval Brigade, and five hundred English regulars under Colonel Spencer, two gunboats and two transports.

I well remember the day they reached me, for I had about given up all hope of ever getting out alive. It was June 10, 1862.

Very much against my wishes and advice, orders were given to spike the guns and prepare to burn the city. When I remonstrated with the two commanders, Admiral Hope stated that he had lent his assistance with the distinct understanding that Sing-Pu should be evacuated. I offered to hold the city with five hundred extra men, but my proposition was not listened to.

Naturally, a great deal of confusion followed upon the order to set fire to the city. In the attendant excitement some one blundered. The fact that my Euro-

pian officers were under arrest, made the situation a complicated one. The west gate was left unguarded. Before we could fairly realize what had happened the rebels had scaled the walls and were swarming through the city. I suddenly realized that the insurgents were in possession and were making quick work of my people. borne aloft over their front ranks were the heads of my officers fixed on spears—the unfortunate men whom I had recently placed under arrest. The rebels were showing no quarter and were fighting like demons. In an incredibly short time my men were entirely annihilated.

General Ward, whose command was near the east gate, was driven beyond the walls, as far as the English lines, where the admiral opened fire from his gun-boats, shielding the imperialists while embarking.

While I was a witness to all this, including the massacre of my men, I, curiously enough, had no participation in the affair. At the first sound of firing, I had rushed up a tower close by, which had been in use as an observatory, with a view to ascertaining the cause of the disturbance. Before I could get down the rebels had completely surrounded the tower—so quickly did they overrun the city—and I was a prisoner.

When the work of destruction was finished, they offered to spare my life if I would descend. I knew what their proposition meant. The end would be worse than death. It meant torture. So I declined, but heaped upon their heads such insult as my vocabulary was capable of, in the hope that they would shoot and end all quickly. But it was not to be so. Finally I was taken, stripped naked, my elbows tied behind my back and led before The Protecting King.

This Wang had appropriated my headquarters and, when I entered, was sitting in the very chair I had used so recently during my interview with him.

He was in a furious rage, both because the city had been burned and because after his visit I had been very strict with my prisoners, being compelled to punish with instant death any infraction of the rules. I refused to kneel when ordered, with the idea of so insulting him that he would put me to death. His soldiers,

however, easily forced me down, by striking me back of my knees. Wang was drinking out of a teapot when I was led in. As soon as I had been forced down he threw it at me, the scalding tea splashing over my head and breast. In response to his questions I replied that I alone was responsible for the orders to shoot the prisoners and burn the city. I hoped that he would lose his temper and order me shot then and there. Such, however, was not the result, instead he devised quite an ingenious plan of torture, which contemplated that I should be covered with paper soaked in oil, then set on fire and the amusement kept up until I should be reduced to cinders.

My guards led me to an underground room, lined with concrete, which had been used as a magazine, there to spend the night and await in anticipation of my approaching death. There was not the slightest hope of escape. My legs as well as my arms were securely bound. A crowd of curious rebels hung around the door, staring and jeering. Among them was the fourteen-year-old son of The Protecting King, who was accompanied by his tutor, a dignified and fine-looking old fellow. The boy was smoking a silver pipe and, puffing it rapidly until the bowl had become almost red hot, he touched it to my unprotected body. The flesh sizzled and the crowd applauded the cruelty. He did it several times until, finally, his position bringing him within my reach, I drew back both feet and gave a kick that knocked him down and sent him sliding across the room. The boy lost all control of his temper and picking up a gingsal hurled it at me. The iron struck my shoulder and knocked me flat.

The tutor had not entered into the spirit of the boy's torments at all and, at this cowardly act, he administered to the lad a severe reproof, saying that honorable soldiers never took advantage of prisoners or unarmed men. It turned out after all that the boy had a good heart. The tutor's words produced an effect and he seemed thoroughly ashamed of his cruelty. He begged me to forgive him and swore that I should not be put to death by his father. From that hour he became my warmest friend and secret ally.

He was as good as his word. The next

morning when I was led out for execution he pleaded my cause so earnestly that his father presently consented to spare my life. I confess that I had some fears that The Protecting King's action was not altogether from merciful motives, and that he had the intention to renew my agonies at no distant day.

Preparatory to the forward movement of the rebel forces, an iron collar was riveted around my neck and one end of a chain fastened to this collar and the other to the saddle of a packhorse. In this manner, with my arms bound and my person entirely naked, I walked or was dragged for more than thirty days under a broiling sun. It would be impossible to give even a faint idea of my sufferings during that period. From a strong, robust man, I wasted away to a mere skeleton and, at the end of a month, I was well-nigh broken in spirit as well as in body. Had it not been for my boy friend, the son of the King, I certainly would have given up. My daily allowance of food and drink was a pint bowl filled with rice and water; but the boy would frequently steal up in the night to where I was chained and bring me food that seemed a feast.

Our first destination was Soo-Chow-Foo, about fifty miles west of Sing-Pu. During the few days we remained there I was kept fastened, in a sort of gorilla fashion, to a stake in one of the streets. Every conceivable indignity, annoyance and torment was heaped upon me, by both soldiers and natives. From Soo-Chow-Foo I was led to Wo-Kong, thence to Ping-Wan, then in a southerly direction, north again to Ping-Hoo and at last east to Chapoo, the rebel headquarters, on Hang-Chow-Foo bay. At each place, when we halted I was subjected to treatment similar to that received at Soo-Chow-Foo.

When we reached Chapoo a room in the wing of the King's palace was assigned me as a prison. My chain was fastened to an overhead beam, but it was long enough to allow me to lie down and to move about a little. The windows of this room overlooked the square where the executions took place. Whenever heads were cut off I was forced to witness it and told that such would be my fate on the morrow.

(Continued in December issue.)

A MODERN FAIRY TALE.

BY THERON C. CRAWFORD.

THE WISH FOR WEALTH.

JOHN LORD, professor of common sense, was prompt in keeping his appointment with Hiram Barnard, the president of the Universal Trust, controlling the food and drink products of the entire world. He came with Dr. Sandower.

The doctor said: "Professor, your success in awakening an interest in life upon the part of my patient, Mr. Barnard, by devising an original form of amusement for him, has already had a beneficial effect."

Mr. Barnard followed with: "Let us come to the point, Mr. Lord. What do you propose as practical in the carrying out of your idea?"

"I have it all here on a piece of paper."

"Good, but first permit me to make a modification. Instead of offering three wishes, I shall confine the proffer to one."

"Very well. That is a mere detail. Have you any one in your mind whom you would wish to make the subject of our first experiment?"

"No."

"Then, if you will permit me, I will suggest a general plan. You should have a system. We can take from my note-book enough cases of people who have sought me for advice to cover the widest possible range of human desire, and thereby avoid repeating the same experiences. For as we have not the real power of fairies to advance time, it would not be as amusing for you to have only one case in hand at a time. You should have enough going during the same period to cover the gamut of the ambition of the average race of humanity. You will need time to carry to completion the fulfilment of the wishes accorded by you, and so if you have several on your hands at the same time you will be more fully occupied. It will be more in accordance with your previous habits. You can, therefore, make my rooms the headquarters of the Single Wish Trust, and keep your own personality in the background."

Mr. Barnard nodded approval.

"Now," said Mr. Lord, opening a thin book of reference upon a table near him, "here are the cases I have selected. They are five in number. I begin with the lowest order of wish, and the one that would, perhaps, represent the greatest number of minds—that is the wish for wealth. I have one client who is mad on the subject. Here is case number two. It is that of a woman who craves social position. It is her one desire. Case number three is that of a politician who aspires to high position. Number four is that of a scientist who wishes to know everything. The fifth is perhaps the most curious and difficult. It is the case of a man who has a horrible fear of death. He wishes this fear removed from his mind."

"The last two may prove difficult, but that only adds to their interest. But do these wishes represent the entire range of desire upon the part of your clients? Has no one ever come to you with a wish for love, which is said to be one of the most universal of passions?"

"No, for the reason that love is felt to be within the range of every one. There is no person created, however unattractive or however unworthy, who does not feel within himself the power to love and to gain the love of others. Few in the world, if granted the fulfilment of only one wish would waste it upon what they would be confident of gaining if they could win the one desire of their hearts, which is nearly always something else. But to business: do you approve of the five selections?"

"Yes, but are you sure of the people you mention? They may indicate to you under normal conditions one thing, but under the test of having given them one wish I fear——"

"That they will all simply demand wealth. That would mean monotony and lack of diversion. But I can assure you I know the cases I have selected and there is no danger of that."

"Now, how much money are you willing to risk against these wishes?"

Mr. Barnard made a calculation.

"There are five people," said he coldly. "I should say an average of two millions each might give us a good basis. I will put that absolutely one side for the purposes of one experiment. I will also have in reserve as much more. It is a sum that will not be missed by my heirs. Now for the experiment."

"Here then is a further detail. I will organize for you a complete bureau of information. It shall number ten first-class detectives in its employment, with a good writer as its chief. We will have thus daily reports concerning the subjects of your experiments. You can keep in touch with the whole system and control absolutely their direction. You will have thus daily pictures of real life given you, and an interesting record of an experiment never before made in this world upon so large a scale. You will be able to demonstrate the truth or falsity of the belief of the average man that the gratification of his most ardent desire would mean happiness."

"Yes, yes. Then we are to begin with case number one?"

"This is in the lowest order of the wishes. The wish for wealth. The client who desires this is a man who has exhausted every effort to obtain money. He has nearly always failed. He thinks of nothing else and would hesitate at no crime to accomplish it. His only standard is money. He desires it with such ardent energy of hope that in spite of every failure he springs anew into the contest with feverish haste, hunting his delicious prey with sparkling eyes and fevered pulse. He is so often near money, his idol, that he fairly turns pale with ecstasy. You will find it very easy to make some one of his many schemes successful and if any happiness would result from the gratification of one wish, surely it should follow the prayer of this man, who has made money the object of such a hopeless struggle through the years of his long life."

* * * *

they fared after their full gratification, will appear only in the records of the experiments. These stories were compiled from the reports of the Bureau of Information organized by Professor Lord for Mr. Barnard. The experiments ran through a period of five years. The details of each experiment will be found in each tale. The first case is embodied in the tale of **THE WISH FOR WEALTH.**]

James Henry Blood walked into his office upon one of the upper floors of a large office building in Wall street, early in the morning of a breezy summer day. The office was small and bare of furniture. It connected with several other rooms separated by screens, brass railings and ground-glass partitions. In nearly every room there was an iron safe. The tickers of the Stock Exchanges clicked cheerily in the open spaces near the window. Several signs in black and gilded letters announced that certain bankers and brokers would look after the surplus cash of any members of the great public seeking large and swift returns for their capital. In this hive of petty offices, occupied by tenants for nearly every foot of floor space, there was apparently no one so humble as not to be a banker and broker. Even the office boys and messengers were directors and trustee stockholders in the numerous corporations ground out daily in these little dens by bankers without bank accounts and by brokers without even a bowing acquaintance with any reputable member of the New York Stock Exchange. The office boy in the employment of James Henry Blood was managing director in sixteen companies, and record-owner of stock the face value of which was at least five millions of dollars. The boy (who received a cash salary of three dollars a week) was not worried by his responsibilities as director in so many companies. It was all in the day's work and he calmly gave his signature as trustee for the numerous stock certificates without a throb of pride.

Mr. Blood was a past master-in the art of getting up companies of all kinds. He never by any chance acquired actual title to any kind of property, but he was ingenious and plausible. He would secure

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[The above is the history of the beginning of the experiments devised by Professor John Lord and supported by Hiram Barnard, the president of the Universal Trust. The other characters mentioned by Professor Lord, their wishes and how

from confiding people options to purchase any kind of property, and on these possible titles organize stock companies with fabulous capitalization. Blood's favorite remark upon this subject was: "Just a few turns of the printing press more or less, what does it matter?" He dealt also in bonds upon remote properties. The bonds were always gold bonds, and the interest upon them was never less than eight per cent. Never in the history of Blood's office had any of his stocks paid a dividend and his bonds were always in

most promising band of rural investors, upon whom he had hoped to unload some very chastely-designed bonds, had escaped him. Notices of three suits for obtaining money on false pretenses had been served upon him that morning. Some recent bond purchasers had just left him after denouncing him as a highway robber without the physical courage necessary to go out on the road and hold up people by force of arms. There had been no responses to his last batch of circulars. The bankers and brokers all around him



"CONSULTATION BETWEEN DR. SANDOWER, HIRAM BARNARD AND PROFESSOR LORD."

default. His clients were always described by Blood as "suckers." They nearly always came from the country and were brought to the surface by various ingeniously-worded circulars describing the many magnificent properties controlled by the signer of the circular, who, as banker and broker, was eternally on the watch for fine bargains for rural investors.

The particular morning in which this record opens, Banker Blood was seated at his desk in a great state of mind. A

were making money. Their rural investors took gold bonds by the cord. Why was it that he, with the energy of the fiend and an ingenious capacity unsurpassed, failed where lazier and duller men succeeded?

Recently he had consulted John Lord, hoping to find in his bureau new methods and new ideas for his business.

As he sat at his desk, running his lean hands through his fiery red hair, that stood up in a thick crop over his round head,

he presented a picture of tense nervous anxiety. His pale blue eyes glinted with the fever of despair. His sallow complexion had the pasty color of dough. His short, red mustache and wiry beard fairly bristled with unhappiness as he sat gnawing with his white, rat-like teeth the closely-bitten finger nails of his hand. Like all persons of a mercurial temperament, he was subject to fits of great depression.

His office boy now entered from the outer chamber, which served as a common waiting-room for six bankers and brokers, who pooled their interests in the use of this room and in the employment of two office boys, who ran messages and acted as directors in the companies of the entire combination. Said the boy:

"There is a gentleman outside who wants to see you."

"Any one we know? Sure he is not a kicker?"

"Yes, sir. He is too quiet for that."

"What does he look like? A sucker?"

"He looks like a rich man, a stranger to these parts."

"Show him in."

Blood's sanguine temperament set his pulse beating with excitement. Between the announcement of the stranger and his entry, exactly one minute, Blood had devised a plan to take at least one hundred thousand dollars out of him, and had spent it to the last dollar. He caught up a great pile of picture bonds and spread them on his desk, pretending to be immersed in profound calculations.

The caller proved to be Sandy McGregor, the manager of the Universal Trust. Blood actually blushed when he saw the face of his caller, who was quite as well known as President Barnard to the compact world of Wall street. He swept together his bonds and covered them hastily with a newspaper.

"Mr. McGregor, I am honored, indeed," said he. "If I had known you wanted to see me I would have been only too delighted to call. Permit me." With this the overjoyed Blood stepped from his desk and whispered to the outside boy: "I can see no one. Say to every one that calls that I am engaged with the general manager of the Universal Trust."

Throughout the rabbit-warren of speculators there was a tremendous wave of

excitement at the actual presence of a real capitalist in their quarters. What daring and original financial crime had Blood committed which warranted the personal call of the great McGregor?

The manager of the Universal Trust wasted but little time. Said he: "Blood, do you want a chance to make some money?"

At this Blood's face was dyed a deep red of excitement. Before he could reply, McGregor said: "I think I know you. You would sell your immortal soul for money. But I did not come here to criticise your morals. I will even spare you a repetition of such a foolish question. For a reason sufficiently good for himself Mr. Barnard, the president of the Trust, intends to employ you as broker in some special work.

"But let me say a word," said Blood. "I cannot bear to have you go on with a wrong impression of me. Before God, I am an honest man! I am very enthusiastic and kind-hearted. I have been often taken in by my weakness for helping others and my passion for helping new enterprises of merit. I have been often embarrassed by lack of capital. Men with more money but fewer ideas have grown rich out of me, while I with my scrupulous regard for the rights of others—"

Mr. McGregor interrupted coldly, "You will save time if you will let me talk. I repeat, I understand you fully. Your chatter about your character and your scruples kindly reserve for your country clients. But if you ever need them again it will be your own fault. Mr. Barnard offers you to-day the receivership of the Imperial Navigation Company."

"I pride myself on the fact that I am the best wrecker of railroads or of kindred enterprises in the world."

"I dare say, but you are to change your methods. We want this property built up. If you can learn to hold your tongue and not boast of your connection and attach a little continuity to your excessive energy I think you may be able to make a good thing for yourself. You will have to give up your lying, your treachery to every associate about you, and learn, for business reasons, not to destroy and sell out every trust reposed in you."

Blood endeavored to protest.

"No; do not say a word. It will only make me lose time. You accept, of course. Give up your lease here at once and report this day to the offices of the Imperial Navigation Company."

With this Mr. McGregor retired.

Said Blood to himself, as the door closed after him: "I have always thought the Universal Trust were highwaymen and that they want to have anything to do with me proves it. They must have something pretty bad in hand when they go outside of their own circle for any one to help them."

But human nature adapts itself easily to changed conditions. The vanity of man persuades him easily to explain a possible good fortune through his merit alone. There are few men who could not get ready to step into the position of the highest potentate on five minutes' notice and give all their predecessors points in wisdom and general superiority of administration. Every man who reads a newspaper knows he could edit it better than its director. Only the other day a banker down town, a former friend of Blood's, said that he had often as brilliant and original ideas as ever had William Shakespeare, only he, the banker, had not the same power of expression. But think of the satisfaction of knowing yourself that you are Shakespeare's mental equal.

It was a similar characteristic in Blood's make-up that had sustained him in the past. He knew he had the brain of one of the greatest financiers of the age. What he had lacked were opportunity and capital.

Now that he had both he walked forth from his office cold and haughty, with his eyes glittering like a maniac. He wanted to stop and bawl around through the rabbit-warren of financial confidence-men the news of his good fortune; but he did not dare to disobey the injunction placed upon him by Sandy McGregor. His life, up to this time, had been one long, agonized envy of men who had money. His only idea of happiness was to be in a position where men of his class would look up to him as a mark for envy. Soon they would be repeating tales of his unscrupulous dishonesty, and decrying the reward that finally had to come to



Drawn by
B. West
Cليندینست.

"AGAIN I HEARD THE CLICK OF A BOOT HEEL." him for his perfect and flawless record of treachery, lying and fraud.

He never had made the mistake of yielding to sentiment. With no more human quality in his heart than would be found in a hyena, Blood gnashed his white teeth at the world of his associates as he hastened to the office of the Imperial Navigation Company.

* * * *

It was only a short time from this that James Henry Blood had become a notable figure in the street. His ability to destroy property controlled by him and take to himself the whole marketable value marked him as a real financier. His beginning in the Imperial Navigation Company made him a millionaire within the year. He was above and beyond control from the start. Mr. McGregor's original

suggestions were as utterly disregarded as if they had never been made. But, in spite of his audacity and disregard of instruction, Mr. Barnard gave him his continued support. Blood's one wish was for wealth. It had been granted him without the formality of asking. He had never met Mr. Barnard. With his first million his ambition arose higher than ever. His rise had cost Mr. Barnard but little. Blood had been simply capitalized and set in motion. His untiring energy and sagacity had done the rest.

He held on to his acquaintance with Professor Lord, attributing to him, in a cunning way, the first upward rise to fortune.

It was after he had passed his million record that he sought Professor Lord one day and said:

"I want you to help me with your ideas. You are the only original man I know."

"Thank you."

"Do you know I am the most wretched of men?"

"Why, are you not rich?"

"Rich! A poor five million."

"But how long is it when you were at your wits' end to obtain money enough to pay for your living?"

"Yes, yes. Don't talk about that. But even then I knew I would arrive. I had it within me to succeed. I could not have failed."

"Then you think you are to-day successful?"

"I am beginning to be."

"What more do you want?"

"I aim to be the richest man in the world. It is simple enough. If I can get into the position of the head of the Universal Trust I will soon be there. Oh, to think of being in a position where you can tax every morsel of food and every drop drank by mortal man. I am in the employment of the Trust. I have five millions now. You see if I only get to the head of the Trust then I will become the richest man in the world."

"What then?"

At this Blood started. "I will tell you when I get there," he finally said.

"What do you propose doing with your money?"

"I had not thought of that."

"But surely you must have some object."

Blood was silent for a moment. "I am only interested in the making of money. The world is made up of two classes, the men who fleece and those who are fleeced. I wish to be king of the first class. Only then will I be happy."

"But on your weary road do you find no pleasure?"

"I have no time. I have begun so late to be rich. I must spend every waking moment in combinations and plots. I cannot arrive at the chief direction of the Universal Trust if I stop for anything so trifling as amusement or pleasure. But I have learned much since I have been taken up and backed by the Trust. I have seen the hopeless folly of plundering on a small scale. I used to skate along on the narrow edge of breaking the law, walking with fear and trembling in the shadow of the penitentiary. I now have learned how to plunder upon a grand scale. In other words, I have become a financier and work in an atmosphere of peace and content. I have adopted a new code. In all business transactions involving less than ten thousand dollars I observe the most scrupulous regard. I never dispute a small bill and never pay a large one without a fight. You see I have learned the principles of high finance."

"But what will you do when you arrive at the height of your ambition?"

"Enjoy my power. It will be enough amusement for me to spend my time and leisure destroying the men who now oppose my progress."

"Then your idea of happiness is to get the greatest fortune in the world, no matter by what means, and then ruin and destroy as many of your former associates as possible?"

"That is high finance, my dear sir."

"But have you no idea of doing good also with this great power?"

"Oh, I shall make the proper concessions to the public if I grow too rich or too unpopular. As an item of insurance I may throw a few millions on churches or schools, but it will be only by way of insurance. For charge against me what you will, no one has ever assumed that I am daft."

"No, no; never that."

"I can talk to you with frankness. All financiers of the high grade observe the same rules. If any of them stopped on

the way to success on account of any idiotic, weak desire to do good they would fail, as they should. The only rule for absolute success in the financial world is to be wholly and consistently selfish. Then you are working without any handicap. You talk about moral scruples. When was ever any great leader burdened with them? The public is a patient ass made to carry the weight of men who know how to ride. The man who toils with his hands belongs to the lowest order of humanity. The man who thinks he should give value for everything received, is only one degree above him. The true salt of the earth are the men who employ their brains and skill to live off from the work and produce of the worker."

"The curious thing I observe about you," said Professor Lord, "is that you are to-day more apparently discontented than in the desperate days when you were fighting like a wolf for your daily bread."

"I think I am. I now have more time to think and have a more accurate measure of the possibilities of my ambition."

* * *

Mr. Barnard showed no surprise when Professor Lord disclosed to him the secret ambition of Blood to become the head of the Trust. He had become so interested in his social experiments, the record of which passed daily through his hands, that he had quite given up all thought of himself going back to the management of the Trust. So he at once gave his consent to the advancement of Blood. He did not permit him to rise too rapidly. It was only after several years, five years from the day when Sandy McGregor first called upon him, that James H. Blood, as he now wrote his name, was elected president of the Universal Trust.

* * *

It was not long after this that the world began to ring with protests of the long-suffering public over the further exactions of the Trust, growing out of the cruel advance in prices following the election of Blood. He showed none of the diplomacy or discretion of any of his predecessors. He appeared to be intoxicated with the power of his position, and, for a time, the administration of the Trust was conducted in such a manner as to provoke actual re-

bellion and strikes in various parts of the world.

One of the prominent newspapers went so far as to say:

"After all, the Trust of the present day is a logical outcome of the improper combinations of the past. If public opinion had been awakened at the proper time when one single industry was seized upon, then we would not have had this Trust of to-day, for the moment that you grant the right to any collection of individuals to control any single staple article of commerce and paralyze competition in that particular field, you have established a precedent which warrants the growth and permanent establishment of this monster combination known as the Universal Trust. We have a right now to look forward to the time when we may be compelled to pay for every drop of water we drink, and for every breath of air we may yet be taxed by this monster corporation."

But this comment did not long continue. The editor of this particular newspaper had stood alone for some time. He was the owner of the last daily journal of importance that had not been taken into the great Newspaper Trust, which controlled all the important publications of the earth. This Trust grew out of consolidation of the news associations of the world. The collecting of news having passed under one arbitrary direction, the next logical result was the formation of a combination to own the newspapers themselves. As news machines the newspapers were, to a certain extent, improved. News gathering was now reduced to an exact science. Nothing in the way of current events escaped the tenacles of the vast organization which had agents in the humblest part of the world. The news reports were even better written, and the journal became better and cleaner in form and appearance. But individuality had disappeared from them, and their opinions were colorless so far as any real freedom was concerned. The real journals of opinion were now members of the weekly press.

Under ordinary circumstances the conduct of the president of the Trust would have received great attention at the hands of the journals of the day, but now his arbitrary action provoked no adverse com-

ment. Even the reports of strikes and rebellions which came from different parts of the world were reported fully as events, but the reason for these strikes was not made prominent. The daily mail of the president of the Trust was of a most sensational character, yet he, for a time, gave no one his confidence and kept his miseries to himself.

One of the daily reports made Mr. Barnard concerning Blood about this time read as follows:

"Blood is acting very queerly. He appears to be afraid of something he does not care to define. He is never willingly alone and he can keep no one with him except hired companions. His family persistently remain in Europe. His wife gives an excuse that she must stay there until their son and daughter are educated. Blood has never cared for, nor has he felt the need of his family until this time. Now, under the new horror of being alone, he has issued commands for them to come home, but they still refuse to come. Under the urgency of this feeling of terror he has resorted to stimulants. He is never intoxicated, but he depends constantly upon brandy to steady his nerves. The probable reason for his terror is his fear of assassination. It is fair to suppose that on account of the great indignation against him throughout the world he receives daily many threatening letters. He never comes into his office now without finding something on his desk which disturbs him very much. He has become so suspicious, so restless and so quick in changing every one about him, that it is very difficult to keep a close watch upon him. He is consumed by some inward fever of excitement, and I should be surprised at no catastrophe which might happen to him."

The next day after this report Dr. Sandower was surprised to receive a visit from Mr. Blood. The latter had become acquainted with the doctor through his visits to Professor Lord. Mr. Blood with quick, nervous action went direct to the object of his visit. He said: "I want you to give word to your attendant to admit no one, not even a servant, until I am through with my talk with you. Look at me frankly and tell me what you think of me."

The doctor calmly took out his watch,

and first felt his pulse, which was beating with feverish rapidity, although the skin of the patient was cool. Doctor Sandower said:

"You are suffering from extreme nervousness. Your color is gone. Your eyes are dead. Your lips are blue. The inside of your hands are clammy. Your pulse is galloping at a rate which only the highest fever would warrant."

Blood said, in reply to this:

"I have heard that you were once called in upon Mr. Barnard, one of my predecessors, who broke down for some mysterious reason. It is on account of my knowledge of that fact that I come to you. I feel that I am in danger of breaking down and that I must have some relief from the hideous anxiety which pursues me or I, too, shall collapse. I have told no one of my troubles, but I must have a confidant."

Said Dr. Sandower: "Perhaps it would simplify matters if I should ask you a few questions?"

"Yes, I think it would."

"Have you any special cause for fear or anxiety?"

"I have been pursued for some time by anonymous threats against my life, but I have paid no attention to them until recently. Now I am afraid my mental balance is threatened, and I no longer have the coolness and courage which I think I have possessed in the past. About two weeks ago I had the first time of mental disturbance. When I started to leave my offices where I had been kept to a very late hour I heard a footstep behind me. I had given orders to be left alone for the last half hour of my stay, as I was much occupied with my papers. My secretary and two regular attendants, who were always with me in my coming and going, were in an outer room. There was no admission to my room except through theirs. The sound of the footstep on the oaken floor was sharp and decisive. There was nothing furtive about it. I turned and saw nothing. I then faced about and took another step. Again I heard the click of a boot heel behind me. For the distance of twenty-five feet, about the distance from the desk to the door of exit, I heard continually this footfall. I turned at every step and saw nothing. You cannot imagine the horror that filled

me. It was only by the most tremendous exhibition of my will that I did not run shrieking with terror from the room. I was so pale that when I arrived in that next room my secretary and attendants rushed up to me to inquire if I was ill. The following footstep became silent the moment I was in company with any one, but it has pursued me ever since. If I am alone for a moment and take a step in any direction I feel this intangible something behind me and the sound of this step which has become to me a part of my daily experience."

Dr. Sandower, who saw at once from this description that his patient was on the verge of insanity, said: "I think I understand your case. You are suffering from nervous troubles. Let me assure you that this is nothing but a delusion, and delusions are often forerunners of serious illness. I should recommend that you live very quietly and stay away from your business."

At this the caller's eyes flashed as he said: "That would be impossible. There has a very serious combination been made against me inside the Trust to dispose me from my place. They are using the popular feeling against me as a powerful weapon. I am firmly convinced that you are right about this delusion, but to me it is a reality. I have here, however, another source of anxiety which, to a certain extent, diverts my mind from the one I have just mentioned. This, however, does not belong to the realm of delusion. This is a very clear-cut fact."

"Tell me about that," said the doctor, anticipating the story of another hallucination.

"Little over a fortnight ago I found in my mail a peculiarly-shaped envelope, which was rectangular and pale pink in

color, sealed with black sealing-wax. For several weeks I have been in the habit of opening all my mail myself, as there have been so many threatening letters that I have wished to conceal the fact even from my secretary. This letter belonged to this class, but it was couched in different language from the usual scurrilous letter of abuse. It contained the following paragraph, which I will repeat to you, as every word is indelibly impressed upon my memory:

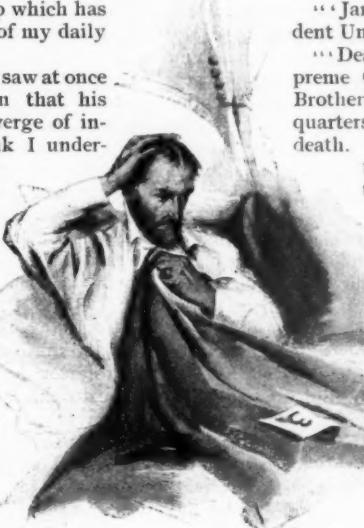
"James Henry Blood, President Universal Trust.

"Dear Sir: This day the Supreme Council of the United Brotherhood of Mankind, headquarters in London, decreed your death. You were considered by the council as an enemy to the human race. Based upon this fact, the decree of death was declared. You are given thirty days to prepare and defend yourself. The council send you full warning."

"How was the letter signed?"

"Oh, by some name unknown to me, as scribe of the council. I cabled at once to London, but no such person was known there. I did not attach much importance to the letter when I at first received it, but the next day when I went in to my office I found a large square card on the top of my mail, and printed on that card in bold red were the figures twenty-nine. Since that time I have given orders to surround my room with spies, attendants and electrical guards, and yet each morning I find a similar card bearing the number of days allotted to me in accordance to the threat by this mysterious letter I have described."

At this Mr. Blood pulled out of his pocket a number of cards and handed them over to the doctor, and said: "You will see this does not belong to the realm of delusions."



Drawn by
R. West
Cinedinst.

"I FIND THEM ON THE COVERLET OF MY BED."

The doctor looked them through and saw that the last card was thirteen. At first he thought it was possible that, owing to the condition of Mr. Blood's mind, he might have manufactured the cards himself. The difficulty of delivering such cards to a man in the position of Mr. Blood seemed to him insurmountable. He said:

"Do you always receive them in your office down town?"

"Not always," was the reply. "I stayed at home for two days to avoid them, but I found these cards on the coverlet of my bed when I awoke, and then I gave up trying to avoid their reception. There is one thing peculiar about the situation, which is this: The anxiety occasioned by the fact appears for a time to overshadow the delusion. It is only occasionally now that I hear the footsteps."

The language of the visitor was that of a courageous man, but his manner belied his words. He kept up as long as he had a story to tell, and at the end collapsed utterly. He said: "There should be some way by which I can be protected from the assassination which hangs over me. If you can give me something that will help my mental balance—administer to a mind which, even to myself, is beginning to appear diseased—then I think I can with my money fortify myself against these bloody wretches that are sending me every day these villainous cards."

The result of this interview was a consultation between Dr. Sandower, Hiram Barnard and Professor Lord. Mr. Barnard was greatly interested. He said: "It rather overtopped anything I had to go through when I was at the head of the Trust. But he has brought the greater part of it on himself—extraordinary capacity and lack of discretion."

Dr. Sandower said: "I think you should feel some sense of responsibility toward this man. You have made him all that he is, so far as his capacity to do harm is concerned. Now I think it is our duty to see if we cannot help him."

Mr. Barnard frowned at the idea of helping any one. It was violating one of the traditions of his life, to help any one from a sense of duty. While he was hesitating Professor Lord said:

"I can imagine nothing more interes-

ting than our setting our wits and power against the people who have decreed the death of James Henry Blood, financier."

The thought of possible amusement settled the question with Mr. Barnard. Professor Lord was made the active chief of the campaign to be conducted in Mr. Blood's interest. Under the advice of the professor, the trio took up quarters at the Hotel Waldorf and advised Mr. Blood to come there and join them. An entire floor in one of the distant wings was taken up for the president of the Trust and his three counselors. The hall itself was patrolled by detectives in the livery of servants. The various rooms of the suite were occupied by men known to Mr. Barnard, servants of the Trust. Professor Lord's advice was to occupy a position in as public a place as possible. All of these preparations were completed within the week following the call of Mr. Blood at the office of Dr. Sandower. Mr. Blood, up to the time of the occupation of Hotel Waldorf, had remained at his private house on Forty-fifth street, near Fifth avenue. The ominous cards continued to be delivered to him in spite of all precaution.

Professor Lord said, after Mr. Blood came to the Waldorf, in addressing the council which met in Mr. Blood's private drawing-room:

"The first test of our power against those who are pursuing you, will be an attempt to solve the mystery of these cards. I propose that these three gentlemen shall remain with you all night and never leave you. You can go to bed or you can remain in this chair, but we alone will guard you during this night. At what hour have these cards usually been found?"

"I used to find them on my desk in my office when I went in there at ten o'clock. When they were left there I do not know. Now I find them on the coverlet of my bed when I wake up. They are generally placed just inside of my right hand."

"At what hour do you usually awake?"

"Always at seven o'clock."

"Do you sleep soundly?"

"During this last trouble I have slept a very deep sleep and I am not easy to awake, yet the sleep has not been a restful one. I have been so harassed during the day that when I come to retire physical

exhaustion compels me to sleep, although the time is very short. I rarely am in bed before one o'clock, so that at best I get about six hours sleep."

Professor Lord here arranged the campaign for the night. He said: "Until one o'clock we will remain together. After that time until five o'clock in the morning I do not think it necessary for us all to remain. I will remain on duty straight through, and will not close my eyes."

In order to give the professor every opportunity to guard against the delivery of these cards of warning, Mr. Blood said that he would remain in his chair during the night by the side of the professor.

Wine, light refreshments and cigars were placed on the center-table, about which were grouped the gentlemen interested in what might be the final chapter in the story of The Wish for Wealth. Under the stimulus of company, association of strong, courageous men, the drooping courage of President Blood revived. There was a little color in his pale cheeks. The early swaggering egotism of his character again appeared on the surface. "Those chaps have got at me before this through bribery of some one around me, I know. Now we've got them. If we can once break that infernal chain of cards I am sure that I am saved."

About six o'clock in the morning, the gray dawn of a cloudy day filtered in through the heavy curtains, making the electric lights look wan and tired. Dr. Sandower made the rounds of the apartment, and found nothing unusual. He visited the guards in the next room and they reported a quiet night. The detectives out in the corridor said no one had been near them during the night. Mr. Blood was wan and haggard from the night's vigil. He ordered breakfast brought in, for his eyes sparkled with joy in spite of his weariness. At last there had come a day when he had been able to baffle those who were torturing him. Professor Lord only gave a word of warning as the breakfast was ordered. This was to Dr. Sandower. He said:

"Let all the breakfast things be examined before they are brought in here. Let this be done carefully, as it is the only means of approaching the threatened man."

It was not half-past six. Professor Lord forbade any servant bringing in the breakfast. He said to Dr. Sandower:

"Will you bring in the breakfast tray yourself, and, Mr. Barnard, will you stand by the door as he comes in?" Adding, "The best way to be served is to serve yourself."

The breakfast consisted of coffee, rolls and eggs. The snowy linen and the glistening silver of the breakfast service was further heightened by the presence of a great vase of blood red roses, standing in the center of the table. It was now five minutes of seven, and still no warning had been received. Mr. Blood began to rub his hands with ecstasy and said: "We're too many for them. That thought gives me an appetite. Dr. Sandower, may I trouble you for a cup of coffee?"

The doctor poured him out a cup, passed it gravely, and then in reply to Mr. Blood's request handed him a plate of long French rolls that had come in with the service. Professor Lord and Mr. Barnard had already helped themselves. Mr. Blood gulped down a half a cupful of the coffee, and then looked at Professor Lord:

"I congratulate you on your campaign of the night. Seven o'clock is reached and no warning has come."

"It is yet one minute of seven," said Professor Lord gravely, as he looked at his watch.

"Well," said Mr. Blood, "I can't wait even that one minute. I am going on with my breakfast."

With this he broke open the roll just handed him by Dr. Sandower, uttered a cry of horror and sank into a state of collapse in his chair, and then slid to the floor in a dead faint.

Dr. Sandower rushed to him and unbuttoned his collar while Professor Lord picked up the broken roll, as he had observed that something inside it had given Mr. Blood the shock which had caused him to faint. The examination showed that the card of warning with the figure four clearly printed upon it had been placed in the dough of the roll and baked. It was a mere accident of fate that the very roll broken by him had been the one containing the figure of warning.

"This is extremely interesting, Mr. Barnard. I never heard of anything more

interesting. Now, the thing to do is to run down this bread."

He paid no attention to the groveling figure of Mr. Blood on the floor in the hands of the doctor. The president of the Trust had collapsed utterly under the shock of this last warning. He was full of despair over the futility of the means employed to guard him against the approaches of his enemy. He was put to bed in a state of extreme nervous collapse.

The detectives were summoned, and an attempt made to trace the bread to some one person, but from the room to the kitchen and to the bakery from which it was supplied, there was confusion and no real clue which led to the identification of anybody with the placing of this card inside of the particular roll which happened to be served to President Blood. Dr. Sandower, with one or two of his own assistants, remained with Mr. Blood. Professor John Lord said:

"Mr. Barnard, we've got three days left yet, and we must not surrender with one defeat. I'm going to call on a new element. I'm going to give this story to the newspapers. I am going to create the widest publicity concerning this infamous attempt to assassinate. Then we will have the entire public on guard."

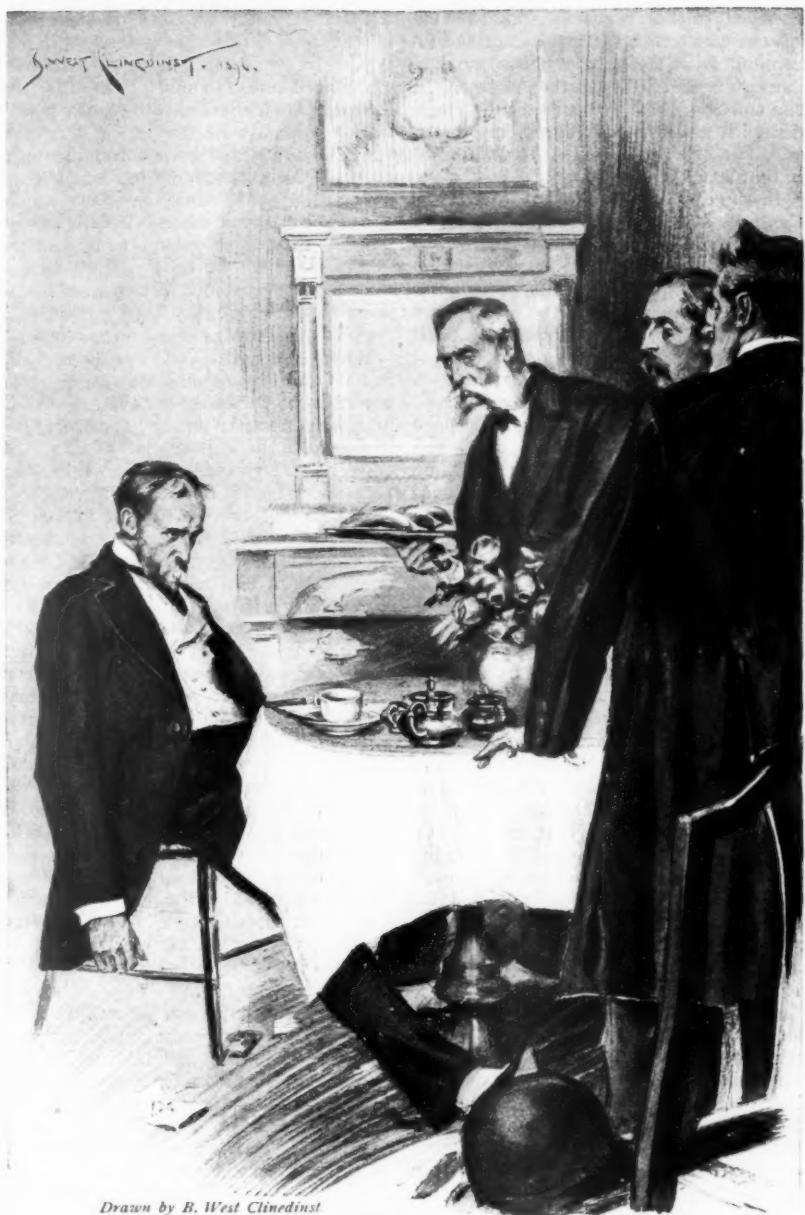
"I do not see any harm in your plan, but, if you think you are going to get the great American public very much stirred up over the possible assassination of Mr. Blood, I think you will be mistaken."

The next day the New York newspapers were filled with elaborate accounts of the attempt to assassinate Mr. Blood. These stories varied in detail, but the essential facts were given as furnished by Professor Lord. The effect of these publications was to concentrate public attention upon the Hotel Waldorf, the scene of the projected attempt to take the life of the president of the Trust. The hundreds of reporters ran down mysterious strangers in every direction. Mr. Barnard, however, was right when he said that public sentiment was not very deeply moved over the prospect of the death of so unpopular a person as Mr. Blood. It was rather public curiosity which was awakened. The subject made what the newspapers called a good story. Bets were freely offered and taken as to whether the president of the Trust would succeed in defending him-

self or not; some went so far as to say that the whole thing was a concoction of imagination growing out of cowardly fears, created by a timid conscience.

The morning of the next day a card, bearing the figure three, dropped from the newspaper which was opened by the president of the Trust while he was still in bed. He had not yet recovered from the shock of the preceding day. The most careful investigation did not disclose the sender of card number three. Card number two came the following morning through an open window and fell lightly upon the coverlet of his bed, as if it had been blown there by an idle wind. Card number one, bearing the insignia of his last day of existence, fell apparently from the ceiling without any outward evidence of human interposition. During these last days of waiting, Mr. Blood remained in bed; he did not recover from the shock of his fall at the breakfast table when card number four reached him. The doctor and his immediate personal attendants remained with him all of the time, relieving each other as rest was needed. Mr. Barnard and Professor Lord remained in the rooms during the last four days without going out. After card number three was received they gave up all attempt to protect the president of the Trust from that kind of attack. They took extraordinary precautions to guard him during the last day; no stranger was permitted to approach his room, detectives fully armed in all the neighboring rooms, while no one was allowed to enter Mr. Blood's own room except the three gentlemen who had undertaken his guarding, and the two personal attendants of Dr. Sandower.

The night of the last day allowed to Mr. Blood was a quiet and tranquil one in early October. A great crowd had assembled outside the hotel in anticipation of some sensational result. Few ventured within, as policemen guarded every portal and allowed only those to pass who were well known to the hotel management. Inside the hotel numerous guests were grouped about in knots, discussing the situation. The oriental parlors, rich hangings and dim lights suggested the setting to a stately drama. Up and down the long hallways ladies and gentlemen in evening dress paced, ab-



sorbed in the question of whether the president of the Trust was going to baffle his enemies or not. The news of the reception of the last card, number one, had been given in all the evening papers. In the smoking-room bets were being recorded with great rapidity by the sportsmen who gather every evening in this great hall of social exchange.

In the center of the coffee-room, under the full blaze of light showing down through the roof of glass, there was observed about nine o'clock three noteworthy strange guests, all in evening dress. Two members of the group were very picturesque, swarthy and oriental looking. The principal figure was a tall distinguished-looking gentleman with a clear, clean-cut countenance, devoid of mustache or beard. His hair, cropped close, was thick and luxuriant and a soft iron gray in color. There was a look of lofty serenity in his face, and there was an exquisite dignity in his manner, which attracted the attention of the wandering groups. The gentle deference shown to him by his oriental companions marked him also as a man of rank or of distinguished position. The presence of strangers in the house at this particular time was quite sufficient to attract unusual attention. Several detectives had already been to the bureau of the hotel to ask concerning these three gentlemen. The reply was that the gentleman in question was from London, and that he had come introduced to the hotel by one of the most prominent bankers of that capital, and that his oriental companions were his personal friends traveling with him. This gentleman had been vouched for by one of the greatest financial institutions of the earth, and he had with him an open letter of credit from the house of Rothschilds.

"His name?" asked one of the detectives. At the time of this inquiry there was no one in the bureau who could give an answer. The record of the guests had been temporarily carried away to a private room.

It was in the neighborhood of eleven o'clock that the gentleman who had been the subject of detective inquiry, tossed aside his cigarette and walked from the coffee-room to the office of the hotel. There was something about his individ-

uality that now made every one turn and follow him as if he were a possible hero in the final chapter of the sensational day. His two friends followed just back of him. There is a subtle something in a crowd which enables it to scent the unusual, especially when it is shadowed by the tragic. Without a word from any one, even the dullest among the waiting gossips anticipated something very much out of the ordinary when this little group paused at the marble counter of the office.

The leader of the trio, in English exquisitely accented and in a voice of peculiar penetrating quality, said to the clerk:

"Will you kindly give me an envelope?"

When the envelope was handed to him, he took out his card-case, extracted a card, placed it in the envelope, then sealed it and, with leisurely hand, directed it. He then said to the waiting clerk:

"Will you please have this sent to the person to whom it is directed?"

The clerk flushed when he looked at the direction, and the eager listeners to this conversation crowded closer. No one had been able to see the name on the card, nor the superscription on the envelope, but with the clairvoyance of highly stimulated curiosity, every one knew from the expression on the clerk's face that the envelope was addressed to James Henry Blood, president of the Universal Trust. For a moment even the self-possession of an American hotel clerk deserted him, and then, remembering the high position and character of the man who had been commended to their care by the Rothschilds, he bowed and said in a low voice: "Are you not aware, sir, that Mr. Blood is ill, confined to his room with the strictest orders that no one shall be admitted to see him under any circumstances?"

"Who is the physician in attendance?" was the next inquiry.

"Dr. Sandower," was the reply.

"Have you any objection to sending the envelope to him and leaving it to his judgment, after looking at the message inclosed, whether it shall be delivered to Mr. Blood or not?"

Before the clerk could reply, the chief of the detectives charged with the protection of Mr. Blood, stepped quietly behind the group at the counter and signaled to the clerk to allow the message to go up. Another detective, in the

livery of a messenger, came and took the envelope and departed with it down the hallway, in the direction of Mr. Blood's headquarters. Fifteen or twenty detectives, attracted by the action of their chief, ranged themselves in the neighborhood. It was evident from the attitude of this chief that he connected this message with the attempt upon Mr. Blood's life, as there now barely remained three-quarters of an hour of the final day decreed by the United Brotherhood as the end of the existence of the president of the Universal Trust. His orders to his associates were to remain quietly about to prevent, by all means, the departure of the gentlemen, who were now left standing at the counter waiting for a reply to their message. The chief detective followed rapidly his own messenger to the after waiting-room of the suite, where he found Mr. Barnard sitting alone. The detective related to him rapidly the incident below. He said: "This is the first move that has been made to send any message to Mr. Blood or to approach him from the outside; this is the closing hour when the attempt is to be made. Therefore this letter should be examined with great caution."

Mr. Barnard said: "Give it to me; I'll open it."

"It may be a poisoned document," said the detective. "These oriental chaps, you know, are very smart at that sort of thing."

Mr. Barnard apparently attached no importance this suggestion. He tore open the envelope, glanced quickly at the card and then threw it down on the table.

"Well," said he, "we are dealing with a cool hand at least." The card bore the following inscription:

"Mortimer Mortimer,
President of the United Brotherhood of
Men, Travelers' Club, London."

"Well," said the detective, "those are the chaps that have been making these threats. What do you suggest, Mr. Barnard? Shall I have him arrested at once?"

Mr. Barnard shook his head and said: "I don't see what you would gain by that. You haven't the slightest scrap of real evidence against him. The man who was strong enough to have the audacity to send his card up here under such circumstances is evidently very well forti-

fied, and we will not get hold of him by any ordinary means. I have heard of this man Mortimer Mortimer before. He is the head of a society which is as rich and powerful as that of the Universal Trust. I have never heard of him connected in any way remotely with crime. He enjoys confidential relations with the greatest potentates of the earth."

"Well, then, what would you suggest?" said the detective impatiently.

Mr. Barnard, who now, like a playwright, had turned life into scenes manufactured for his own amusement, now thought how interesting it would be to have Mortimer Mortimer and James Henry Blood brought face to face. "I have discovered," said he, "that in practical life the most terrible dangers often disappear when faced. Mortimer has a mania for so-called philanthropy and he is a fanatic upon the subject of human justice; it is not possible from what I know of him or from what I have heard of him, that he could do anything cruel. I think the best thing would be to show him up, and let us see what he proposes. I suppose, with all your men, you can protect Mr. Blood against Mr. Mortimer and his associates. Certainly, Mortimer is no vulgar assassin. I should never hesitate to see him at any time."

Mr. Barnard passed into Mr. Blood's bedroom and explained the situation to him. Dr. Sandower hesitated. Professor Lord said: "It seems the simplest way to end this suspense, provided Mr. Blood approves." The latter, who had been lying back pale and nerveless, sunken deep into his pillows, now started up with ferocious energy. "Yes," said he, "show him up; it was this suspense that was killing me, but now that I have got something to face, he cannot come too quickly."

A moment ago he had been a nerveless invalid, feeble and in a constant state of collapse. Now he sprang out of bed and began to hastily dress himself, in spite of the remonstrances of those about him. In a moment he was dressed, the furious energy of his early life coming back to him for the moment. He seated himself in a great stuffed chair in the center of a drawing-room attached to his bedroom. This room was in yellow satin; the wood-work was satin wood, and the draperies varied from pale straw to deep tones

reaching nearly to orange. Over the polished dark floor there was stretched a huge rug, somber, deep-toned purple figures shading in with gray and blue arabesques; electric lights twinkled and glowed from every corner. The light was so penetrating that there was apparently no spot of shadow in the great room. The moment he took his seat, fifteen detectives in plain dress came in and ranged themselves around him. Mr. Barnard took a seat at his right, Professor Lord at his left, while Dr. Sandower stood as master of ceremonies to receive the distinguished caller. The hour was now half-past eleven. A second after the chime of the half hour had sounded from a tiny clock in the corner, the draperies parted at the lower end of the room and Mortimer Mortimer, accompanied by his two friends, entered with the serenity and gravity of men coming to pay an ordinary visit of official ceremony. They advanced half-way down the room and then paused. Not a word was said on either side for a moment. Mortimer fixed his dark flashing eyes upon the face of President Blood. The latter sprang to his feet as if he had been struck in the face. His countenance was livid with rage.

"You are the man," he said, "who has been threatening my life; you are the scoundrel who has dared to allot to me so many days of existence, but you will rue the day that you ever crossed my path. I have you in my power now, and you shall not escape me." Before any one could interfere, President Blood pulled a revolver from the inside pocket of his coat and fired point blank at Mortimer Mortimer.

The weapon merely snapped, and, before Mr. Blood could readjust it to fire again, his hand was struck down by Professor Lord. During this second of excitement, neither Mortimer Mortimer nor his companions moved from their position of perfect tranquility and self-possession.

As strange as it may seem, the very people about Mr. Blood felt a sense of outrage at this attack upon Mortimer Mortimer, who still came in the attitude of a personal enemy to the man they were seeking to protect.

It was Dr. Sandower who turned to speak, but before he could say a word,

Mortimer Mortimer himself opened the conversation.

"Gentlemen, excuse me," said he, "your apologies are not necessary. I understand what you would say. You believe in loyal combats, and so let me proceed at once to my mission, as there remains only twenty-seven minutes for me to execute it."

A shudder ran through the group at the masterly confident emphasis made by Mortimer Mortimer, as he ejaculated the words "twenty-seven minutes."

Under the spur of the excitement of the moment, Mr. Barnard regained ten years of his life. He grudged none of the millions he had expended to build up the career of the man who now had just twenty-seven minutes of life marked off to him.

Mortimer Mortimer continued, addressing himself directly to Mr. Barnard: "You know, sir, that I am no vulgar assassin, and that I do not come here to execute any mysterious revenge. Everything that I do will be open and before you all. Your friend, Mr. Blood, here, in his present condition of mind, is an enemy to the race. The great suffering created by him throughout the world must come to an end. That end shall be arrived at by perfectly proper means. I propose to use merely scientific processes to change over this man's character. I shall cause this present consciousness, which is evil, to sleep. That shall be done by the power of my will. I shall revive the subconsciousness, which corresponds to the best that lives in every man. You will see the change take place yourself without my approaching Mr. Blood or laying my hand upon him. Look on his countenance now," said he, as he turned with a look of concentrated power, bending the full strength of his will upon President Blood, whose soul yielded up to the imperious command of Mortimer Mortimer. The look of malignity, of revenge and cunning, passed away. His forehead smoothed out; the eager feverish light of his eyes disappeared. In them there now shone a kindly expression, which had never been seen there before. The whole face was transfigured; the look of a devil, inspired by the rage of a moment ago, was now succeeded by the calm and dignified look of a saint. He seemed to awaken



Drawn by
B. West
Clineau.

"HIS HAND WAS STRUCK DOWN BY PROFESSOR LORD."

from a deep sleep. He turned to his associates and said:

"What a strange, mistaken life I've lead. Whose fault was it? I do not know, but why have I pursued all my life selfishness, when unselfishness is the only happiness? I see now so clearly, but, gentlemen, my time is short, let me hasten to undo—so far as I can—the wrongs that I have committed." He caught up a pen and sheets of paper near him and wrote—first, an order abolishing the Universal Trust. He then wrote, with furious energy, a will, in which he gave his entire possessions, save a modest competency to his family, to the founding of an institution for the advancement of science and knowledge. He specified in the brief paragraph that the object of this institution should be to encourage new ideas, foster every form of human invention for the advancement of the race, and contribute its vast resources to the education and development of the young and helpless of the human race. He wrote as if he were inspired from on high, reading aloud each sentence as it was written. The will was so brief and so clearly written that it was signed within ten minutes of the time Mr. Blood first put his pen to the paper. He called upon his three friends to attest his signature. He then turned to Dr. Sandower and said: "It will be you upon whom the responsibility of this will will rest. It will be you who must attest to my sound mind and condition. If it is another spirit which controls me than the one which has ruled my life, that fact does not raise the question of mental disorder. Rather you can argue that my entire life has been one of insanity, for evil is insanity, and I now, for the first time, am sane."

Mortimer Mortimer now spoke again. "Gentlemen," he said, "you are now to witness a painful scene. The subconsciousness which is now revived here, and which would correspond to what the world would call a death-bed repentance, is too feeble to sustain itself against the lifelong possession of a counter force. The latter will return upon the instant, and then you will see that the shock of the struggle will be too great for the enfeebled, worn-out constitution of President Blood."

Even before he ceased to speak, a horrible change came over Mr. Blood's face; a look of tigerish hate came back, and the dominating consciousness of his life returned. It was equally clear-sighted with the one that had just been forced down.

"What have I been made to do?" said he with a shriek. "Give up my money, my precious money, to found a great idiot asylum." He attempted to seize the will to tear it into shreds, and then the counter-force returned, and there ensued a struggle which threw the suffering man from his chair to the floor. Dr. Sandower bent over him, but even as he sought to administer restoratives and control the fit, the life of the fallen man passed, and yet there was a blessed thing about it which relieved the horror of this death struggle, for it was the influence of the good that triumphed at the last second of his life, and left stamped upon his countenance, now stiffened in death, an expression of peace and contentment, which had never been there upon any day of his life.

The group about the fallen man lost sight, for a moment, of Mortimer Mortimer. When they turned to look for him, he was gone, and when they came to seek him and his company in the hotel, no trace of them was found.

The death of Mr. Blood, occurring at the closing moment of the day allotted to him, created a great sensation; but as the closing incidents about his life never reached the public, no one was accused of having brought about his death.

The order canceling the Trust was never recognized by the directors. Mr. Blood's will, however, was never disputed, and this great beneficence at the end of his life changed public sentiment toward him. It was said that he had denied himself and lived a narrow life in order that he might do a great good at its end. So today a committee is hard at work upon the plans of a monument to his name as the great philanthropist of the age. The artist who is at work upon it will copy carefully the expression of the death mask taken a short time after Mr. Blood's death. In bronze he will stand for centuries wearing the look of peace and content which no one ever saw upon his face during his life.

(To be continued.)

THE ANGEL OF THE NORTH WIND.

BY LIVINGSTON B. MORSE.

FAR away, in the white world of the North, amid endless reaches of un-trodden snow, under a low arch dotted thick with polar stars, the Little Wind was born.

A desolate world it was—a world of shadows and half-night; a sad world of frozen steppes and splintered ice-peaks jagged against a sable sky. A world of voiceless mutterings; of solemn silence yet more awful—and cold—ah, bitterly cold. There was nothing there but the snow, the sky and the sea. Yet the Little One throve and loved it well, for cold is the life of a North Wind.

The sea gave her of its strength, the earth of its endurance; the stars crowned her with rime-frost. And the Little One grew and was happy.

Her playground was the wide sweep of the Arctic snows. Here, day after day, she fled rolling, tumbling, shrieking with delight in a mad game of romps, with no thought but her wild glee in the present. Again, she climbed the ragged ice-crags and, whistling shrilly 'mid their silent pinnacles, sent great blocks whizzing and hurtling down their snowy shoulders, hurling herself after them across the frozen plains with a joy-song that rang upward towards the velvet arch, up till it caught amid the multicolored plumes flung skyward from the crown of the aurora, up till it struck and mingled with the harmonies drawn from the harps of angels.

She loved the free, wild life; the numbing cold; the endless rovings to and fro. But best of all she loved the sea and, like a child, she clung to it.

The sea nursed her in its strong, old arms, rocked her in the wide curves of its green waves, and sang to her ancient runes and sagas, old as the world itself and full of the tragic wisdom of a past of which as yet the Little Wind knew nothing.

So time went on: the Little One grew tall and strong and, by and by, the days of her childhood were past.

"Come," said the Mother Wind one day, "come, you are old enough to journey; it is time to show you other lands; there are many things for you to see. Come, spread your wings and fly with me."

"Away from here?" the Little One asked wonderingly. "Is there another land?"

"Yes, far away—we circle with the earth. Our kingdom is the world itself. The North Wind reigns where'er it blows."

She took the Little One by the hand; they spread their great, broad pinions and went soaring upward from the snowy plains, up into the black-vaulted sky, where the stars now burned like hearts of fire—so close they were, and the white earth underneath grew small and smaller, like a child's toy. The ocean flattened to a plain of green; the booming of the waves hushed to a murmur and then died away. The silence of the Infinite fell about them and the Winds were alone under the stars.

In the profound stillness of the upper air they rested, hovering awhile on outstretched wings.

"We are nearer heaven here," whispered the Little One.

"The earth is nearer," the Mother answered her. "Heaven lies in possibilities." But the Little One did not understand.

The sky grew pallid gray and cloud-streaked; a wan light crept upward from the hidden sun; the stars paled and went out in tears. "Come, it is time to be stirring," said the Mother Wind.

"Whither go we?"

"Southward, to the lands where life abounds. Southward to our kingdom, where all do homage to our strength."

They cleft the air with mighty strokes that bore them onward, headed toward the South. Beneath, the ocean, darkly green, lay billow piled on billow, rolling, revolving, over and over, like a mystic scroll with no beginning and without an

end. Sometimes the Winds, slanting downward, trailed their pinions in the tossing foam. Then, with a cry, rose again, mounting in great leaps, their outspread wings making wild, whistling music, and on their lips the tune of a chant, sad as the plaint of the sea.

"It is glorious!" cried the Little One as she dashed the stinging brine from her eyes and spread her locks, dripping with spray, to float upon the wind. "This is indeed true happiness—to rush in a mad, cold blast over a tumbling sea!"

"True happiness dwells in pain, not joy," said the Mother Wind. And again the Little One did not understand.

Soon beneath them other lands came with the eastward rolling of the world. Barren wastes of sun-dried plain; silent winding rivers crawling, serpent-like, to meet the sea; jagged mountains, snow-crowned and austere, deep-gashed with glaciers ringed with splintered rock rent from the precipice above. They fled across vast lakes, never veering, never pausing in their southward flight. The sun, a great red ball with fiery arms, now chased all day through the heavens, passed from the zenith to horizon line, sank to the under world to rise again—and still the Winds flew on.

"I dread the sun," the Little One complained. "His rays are sharp; they prick my skin like needles."

The Mother smiled. "He is our enemy," she said. "He fights the cold, which is the North Wind's life. Sink lower, earthward."

And now before them all the world grew green—spread with forests full of larch and pine, that clung about the mountain slopes, choked the valleys and crowded even to the rivers' edge; their tops a sea of waving boughs that sung in answer to the rushing of the wind.

"It is like the harps of angels!" cried the Little One entranced. "Hark how they sing to greet us."

The Mother laughed harshly. "It is fear," she said; and, swooping on them with a mighty roar, the moaning trees bent low—almost to breaking, and shivered down the length of their great stems.

"See how they bow to welcome us!" cried the Little One.

"It is fear," the Mother said again. "All things must bend before us—bend or break: a North Wind shows no pity."

Now, as they journeyed through the warmer air, their breath congealed in snow that drifted from them like a ghostly fleet with white sails set steering due earthward. The world again grew wan and white, and, peering downward through the hurrying snow, they watched it sift upon the forests and the plains, dropping a pall upon the dead hopes buried in the fields that lay checked out in squares of brown and sprouting green. Men came from their dwellings, wrung their hands and cursed, gazing up in impotent despair; and the Little One looked on wondering.

But the Mother laughed. "It is at us they rage," said she. "We are their masters; let them bow before us." And on they sped again bearing desolation in their path.

Still southward they flew toward a great city set with circling gardens in a lovely, fertile plain. The land lay smiling in the lap of spring—like a child just come awake, too indolent to stir, upon whose half-shut lids the dew of sleep still lingers. Orchard trees, with swelling buds and twigs ruddy to bursting with the flowing sap, were waiting spring's warm kiss to veil themselves in tender green. The sky was hung with cloudless blue; everywhere birds sang of promise in the glad sunshine, and in the gardens through the vernal grass, crocus, hyacinth and daffodil had strewn a wealth of purple, yellow, white and red.

"Ah, me; how beautiful!" exclaimed the Little One, and, shaking back her locks, still wet with sea-brine, she floated low and knelt upon the grass beside the flowers, pressing them with her icy lips and crooning to them softly as a mother to the babe cradled in her arms. But at her caressing touch the flowers withered and grew black—shriveled like burned paper in her hands. The grass turned sere and yellow under foot; the birds were silent and the buds grew old and wrinkled, still-born in their fuzzy coats; the joyous world about her became sad and gray. Amazed, the Little One rose to her

Mother's side—her eyes were wide with horror.

"What is this?" she asked, showing the blighted flowers. "Tell me, what is this?"

"That is death," the Mother answered. "You have killed them."

"Killed them! I? Oh, no! They were so beautiful—I never meant to kill them!"

"A flower cannot bear our icy touch; they are dead."

"But I loved them," said the Little One; "I only loved them. Why then should they die?"

The Mother laughed scornfully. "What have we to do with love? Ours is to slay. It is fear through which we rule."

"And have we no gift but death?" the Little One asked sorrowfully. "Are there none to love us or to bless our coming?"

"None."

The Little One was silent, gazing mournfully at the dead flowers in her hands. "Who then receives their love and blessing?" she asked at last.

"The South Winds are called the friends of earth," the Mother answered.

"The South Winds—whence come they?"

"From torrid, equatorial lands; nursed in the great heart of the sun—the life giver, our bitter enemy."

"Is it far?" asked the Little One.

"It is very far."

"And hard?"

"The way is very, very hard."

"Thither will I journey then, for I, too, would earn the blessing of the flowers."

"Consider well," the Mother said; "in those hot lands where you must travel the North Winds pine and perish; the suffering will be terrible to bear."

"Yet will I go," replied the Little One, "even if it be to death."

"It is death, indeed," the Mother said; "yet go—for death is the true beginning of life." And this time the Little One understood.

She spread her swift wings and rose high, and higher into the blue ether, above the world to which her breath was baneful, steering straight toward the sun, her crown of rime-frost sparkling like a wreath of stars and the smile of an angel on her pure, pale face.

At first it was not difficult; she had

the courage of her youth and strength. But soon the air grew sultry all about her; she felt the faintness of fatigue; the fierce heat scorched at her wings and she sank helpless toward the earth. Yet courage failed her not; she panted on, striving to reach the goal. Fiery mountains, hot with steam and molten lava, belched their noxious flames across her path. Trackless deserts stretched infinites of burning sand, blistering and breathing upon her with a furnace blast; still she struggled onward toward the great heart of life. Her crown, the symbol of her race, had long since melted from her brow; her blowing hair was singed and dry, like straw; the sun's sharp rays fell pitiless, parching her neck and breast, but courage failed not yet.

Then at length came a time when she could go no further. She leaned in the shadow of a rock, the heat quivering in great sheets about her, and felt that she must die. "It is over," she said and closed her eyes; "I can endure no longer."

Then, from out of the great stillness of the desert, there rose, like the swell of a mighty organ, the sound of a Voice:

"Go back, Little Wind," it said. "Your trials are over. Through courage you have won. Go in peace. Wherever you pass a blessing will linger in your footsteps—go then and bless."

Wearily, yet with fresh courage, the Little Wind turned back, retracing the steps taken with such pains; but now the way seemed short, for a great joy was nestling at her heart. Back she turned through the summer fields, through the happy sunshine pierced with the songs of birds, back to the garden where the flowers grew. And, kneeling on the turf, she took them gently in her blistered hands, touched them lightly with her sun-warmed lips and dewed them with tears as soft as summer rain. The flowers awoke and looking up said, smiling:

"A cruel wind had slain us in our youth; but you, O gentle Southern Breeze, have given life again."

The Little One, weeping softly to herself, said nothing, but smiled back at them. She had learned the mystery of the death in life and her tears were the tears of joy."

A MEMORY.

BY HAROLD MACFARLANE,

[And, take note, that if at the close of this story you doubt its probability, that I shall quote an adage concerning truth and fiction on a suitable and future occasion that will make you cringe if, like others I know, an adage to you is like the scraping of a pencil on a slate, than which there is nothing more excruciating.]

I.

OF how Gregory Thorne attained to the forest of Graffheim, in the Duchy of Mappstein-Swansneck, is a long story, to be told at another time, but, shortly, this is how it happened.

A poet, a dreamer, an artist, a musician, such was Gregory, and, with so many accomplishments, it was only natural that he should excel in none.

His poetry, pictures and music were of the minor key, but his dreams were as great as those of a boy, whose heart bounds throatward when, of a night, he first thinks of deeds of prowess he would accomplish, if called upon, for the sake of sweet Cousin Dora.

Without ties, Gregory essayed with some success to live a hermit's life in a cottage miles from London, and there, when on nightly pilgrimages under the stars, met a kindred spirit.

She was much above him in station; love, however, reduces all ranks to the same level; the lady's relations, it must be admitted, were not in love with Gregory, and to them the proposed match was most distasteful; they offered no determined opposition, however, but came down from town, quite a family party, and had the poet staying at the house.

And unkindly they took him out shooting and lured him on to other sports, and in that and various other ways made him act like an unmitigated ass, though in his dreamy way he did not see his parlous state, but my lady did, and when dear Lady Goodfellow, in her kind, motherly way, urged her to follow her heart's dictates, even though it ended in a cottage, squalling infants, and, mayhaps, a hus-

band in the County Asylum—"For a man, my dear, cannot be a really good poet and, at the same time, quite sane, or shall we say eccentric?" Then my lady said she required a change of air, and lo! Lady Goodfellow was on the eve of proceeding to the Riviera.

Now, Lady Goodfellow's nephew, Captain Rex Bewty, was at Nice.

And Gregory Thorne bore the remnant of his heart to the forest of Graffheim, and, in a solitary corner of the same, hermitized.

II.

And the summer came.

Then the forest became a paradise, the trees in full leaf kept the sun's too hot rays from beating earthward, and the grass, parched elsewhere, there was most verdant.

To get up at daybreak for a swim in the placid lakelet, to gain which he had to take but a few steps downward from the cottage, was his custom, then breakfast and, after that, to work.

A poem, perhaps.

Or a picture.

Unless he felt drawn towards the piano; or—

The bacon and grocery stores were getting low, and that meant a thirty-mile drive to Potsdatz; a visit to the opera, if the traveling company happened to be there; and, the next day, the drive back with the loaded cart. It was well Fritz was sedate, for his master left him much to himself and only noticed when he stopped to browse, through it being much easier to write.

One evening when the clearness of the atmosphere prognosticated a more than ordinarily fine sunset, he repaired to an eminence, from the summit of which he was wont to sit when thinking out a posy of verses, or framing a picture in his mind's eye; from his seat he could see mile upon mile of undulating tree-tops, so dark as to almost justify the descriptive name of Somber Forest, which many give it.

But at the foot of the eminence he stopped, and that night gained not the summit.

A girl lay in his path, young, fair and unconscious.

For a minute or two he watched her unmoved, and then the thought filtered through his brain that something should be done, and he brought as much water as his straw hat would hold, and, having ruined it, remembered that he had in his pocket a patent collapsible cup.

He sprinkled water on her face, and more water, but she stirred not an eyelid; then, with horror coursing through his veins, put his hand on her heart and, with relief, discovered that she still lived.

"What should he do?" he asked himself. Certainly not leave her in the fast-darkening forest, and forthwith, with great difficulty, he carried her somehow to his cottage; and I say "somehow" because he was not a strong man by any means.

And for four days he tended her assiduously, for no one besides himself lived in the cottage, and even charcoal burners passed by but occasionally, and he dare not leave her while he went for assistance.

And on the fourth day she spoke.

III.

She made the obvious observation, and of her environment he enlightened her, without apparently conveying any impression to her mind.

She asked how she came to be in the little timber-walled room, upon that iron bedstead.

And he told her how he had found her lying unconscious on the ground.

Then she was silent.

Said he: "Who shall I tell that you are here? Your friends will be by this time almost frantic."

And she replied: "I really do not know."

Amazed, he asked her: "Who are your friends? Where do they live?"

Said she: "I do not know! I cannot remember."

Then said he: "What is your name?"

And she began to weep, because she could not recall it.

Then Gregory was silent and began to think, and what he thought he put on paper.

And it was a ballade.

That man's brain was of the order of cobwebby, but when he arrived at the second line of "L'Enool,"

"Princess, of thy charity one word,
Thy Memory, sweet, fain would—"

he stopped and, recalling to his mind that which he had started to think, gathered in his arms a bundle of dear dainties, deposited it on the pallet, and said: "Perhaps your name's on these," and then he fled.

IV.

But no, there was no name to be discovered, no clue to guide them in their search for her friends. And Gregory said: "We will go to Potsdatz, make inquiries, and see if you are recognized."

And when she had recovered sufficiently they went.

And returned, their mission being fruitless.

But when they drove into the city they were brought to a sudden halt; soldiers lined the road, and they could not proceed further until the procession passed.

The procession being, they heard from those around, the funeral cortége of the fair Princess Thelma, who, on the eve of her marriage to Osmund the Prince, had been discovered a corpse in the lake in the palace grounds—a broken rail on a rustic bridge having turned a joyful marriage into a burial most direful.

And the hearse was drawn by six black horses, and a pall of royal purple covered the casket in which Prince Osmund's bride lay, but little of it could be seen because of sweet-smelling flowers which covered it and perfumed the air of the streets through which they passed.

The people all round, with heads uncovered, murmured, "Poor angel!" "Dear little one!" though she came to them a stranger; "See! there's the Prince of Wanst—there, in the second carriage," and "Angels' guard thee!" as the cortége passed.

Women wept, and with them she wept, too, burying her face in her kerchief, to stifle her sobs.

Gregory composed an Elegy.

And Fritz slumbered.

On the day following Gregory gave her money to make purchases and, while she

made them, he, all forgetful, ordered all the necessaries he required at The Hut, not once, not twice, but thrice, at different shops, and when the boys brought more and more things to put into the cart she laughed consumedly and told Gregory that, in future, she should attend to all matters domestic.

And her saying at first gave great comfort to Gregory, whose meals were regulated by his hunger only, and who found it not a little nuisance to cook the same; but then, her saying started another train of thought—What was to become of his delightful guest in the future?—which was not quite so pleasant, but the train was soon switched on to a siding, and ended in a villanelle.

V.

Summer merged into autumn, and love and winter came together, and the poet and the girl were married by a worthy pastor, who saw in them sinners repentant—which was calumny, paradoxical though it appears.

And with the spring there came a merry hunting party, and of these three gallant horsemen detached themselves to make a circuit, but, losing their way, happened upon the hut.

"A charming situation," said one, as they reined up before the cottage.

"A charming smell," said another, sniffing the fragrant odor of fried trout, which Mrs. Gregory prepared against the return of her lord and master, who was out rhyming.

"A charming hostess," said the third, peering through the window. The Grand Duke and his Chancellor laughed.

"Ever an eye for beauty, has Ember," said the former.

"Ever," repeated the Chancellor with a sigh.

"My Lady Ember was most fair, and the Chancellor—ah! well, it's no affair of ours."

But the third, whom they called Ember, continued to stare into the house.

"Ember! Ember, you are incorrigible," said the Grand Duke, preparing to dismount. And then, noting that his words had fallen on idle ears, said petulantly: "Well, have you seen a ghost?"

"I think so, sire. Look!" murmured,

my Lord of Ember, with pallid face and trembling hand.

And the door opened and at it appeared Mrs. Gregory, looking for her husband.

The Grand Duke and his Chancellor could scarce restrain a cry, but the lady looked upon them without recognition, but bowed in return for their salutations.

The Grand Duke advanced.

"We are seeking for one who is dear to us," said he. "Perhaps you have seen—"

"No one comes this way except by accident," she replied. "I have not seen your friend, but I hope you will find him. But here is my husband, perhaps he may have seen him. Gregory, Gregory, have you met any one?"

"No—but I have got a most happy idea for a triplet," said he; then, seeing the three men, he bowed and entered into conversation.

"I think I know every path in this corner of the forest," said he. "And if you will lunch with me, I shall afterward have much pleasure in offering my services as guide."

"You are most kind, and your hospitality will be more than welcome," replied the Grand Duke.

As they sat, the conversation passed from subject to subject and, at last, touched upon the unfortunate and sudden death of Princess Thelma.

"I happened to be at Potsdatz the very day she was buried," said Gregory. "We saw the Prince of Wanst very plainly."

"Your wife was with you?" said my Lord of Ember.

"Oh, yes, but she wept so much that she missed the Prince—it was a pity," Gregory replied. "We don't often go into the city, only when we are obliged," he continued.

"Is that the nearest place where you can get supplies?" queried the Chancellor.

"It is, indeed—in fact, our nearest neighbor is five miles off, and Count Ragatz's country house is two miles beyond that," he answered.

At the mention of the Count's name the three men started, but immediately they were alone the first words the Grand Duke said were: "I must see Ragatz at once."

And the other two, being courtiers,

said nothing, but they wondered all the more what Ragatz would say, for, at the last interview he had had with the Duke, their voices had been raised high in dispute.

Ragatz, moreover, since the death of Princess Thelma, had left the country and, it was said, his was a case of banishment.

Howsoever, Ragatz was sent for, and his clear-cut, clean-shaven young face was of the sternest as he entered the Grand Duke's cabinet, but when the two came out, the young man with the elder's arm on his shoulder, that countenance of steel had given place to one most pleasing.

"See for yourself and, if it be so, take her to the summer house you speak of, where we will meet you. This is a wondrous thing," said the Grand Duke.

"I will be there in the morning," replied Ragatz.

And he kept his word.

When Mrs. Gregory, opening the door of her cottage, saw who stood without, the same being Ragatz, she passed her hand once, and once again, over her brow.

"Thelma! Thelma! it is I," said he.

And then she swayed to and fro, and fro and to, and, with a great cry of "Eric!" fell into his arms.

The poet was in the woods, with glad-some heart, composing an ode to spring.

Then, when she recovered herself from her faint, said she: "Are we safe here? Are we safe?"

He soothed her.

"What has happened? I had a fall, hadn't I?" she spoke hurriedly. "But here I am—I told you I would keep my word. They couldn't keep me from you, Eric, my love—they couldn't."

"But, oh! Eric, what will happen when they find I'm flown and that there cannot be a wedding to-morrow? They will look for me, for you—oh! are we quite safe, quite safe?"

Again he soothed her.

"How did you find me? I had seven miles more to ride. Poor Osmund, what will he think—he will be heartbroken."

The Count did not tell her that Osmund was even now on his honeymoon.

"You will laugh when I tell you my dream—it was so funny. I dreamed I

married—at least I hope I married him—a hermit. Why don't you laugh, my Eric; your face is quite—quite—oh! as if you were in pain. I believe you love me so much that you are jealous of my dreams." And so the Princess rattled on until Ragatz took her away on his horse, like a knight of old carrying off his lady-love.

And the poet, the while, polished up his verses.

But when the Princess entered the summer house she started back with affright at seeing before her those, which to her, were the last she wished to see.

"My dear," said the Grand Duke, "we are so delighted to see you that we will say nothing about the past, except that what happened then was undoubtedly for the best."

"The past—the past," she murmured, amazed at the turn of events.

"Dear child, you have been ill, and since you ran away—er, that is, since you rode in the forest, many things have happened, but come, let us make all haste to Potsdatz," the Duke continued, leading her to the door.

"One moment, sire," cried my Lord of Ember. "You forget that in order—to cover the Princess's disappearance and the dreadful scand—er—"

"Quite so—quite so," hastily interpolated the Duke.

"You gave orders that she was dead, and, to the world, the Princess is buried; the ambassadors—"

"That will do, my Lord," said the Grand Duke angrily. "I had overlooked that matter, but it is your failing to be redundant on all occasions—curb yourself, Ember, curb yourself, and let us know what you suggest."

"Well, sire, if the Count and her highness are of the same mind now as they were when the elope—"

"Ember!"

"As in the past—I would suggest that they should proceed to Putaina, and there be married quietly, under their family names. Then, if her highness's hair is darkened, I think the Count can safely bring his beautiful bride to Potsdatz, where her highness was never well known. The secret is ours alone, and your highness can rely upon us that it shall never go further. The question now to be considered is—"

"What is to become of me?" cried Gregory as, pale and trembling, he almost fell into the room. "Who are you to take my wife from me? Sire—sire—I love her so."

"Who is this—this gentleman?" said Princess Thelma, clinging tightly to her lover.

"Sir, I grieve for you, but have you not had your answer?" replied the Duke.

Gregory fell at his wife's feet.

"Sweetling, don't you know me? It is I—Gregory. Don't you remember me—last night you praised my 'Lullaby,' and to-day I wrote an ode for you. Come back to me and to the cottage. Come, dear heart, you loved me so. Come—"

"I do not know you, sir. But I grieve

for you, for your hallucination would appear to be cause of pain to you. I am the Princess Thelma, and this gentleman," taking the Count by the hand, "is my future husband."

Then the poet staggered from the room.

"That marriage must be annulled at once," whispered the Grand Duke to his Chancellor.

But what of the poet?

He lay on the ground outside the hut; his broken and riveted heart had now been smashed to a hundred thousand atoms.

What a subject for a Lament, but the singer was to sing no more.

The marriage was annulled.

OUTSIDE THE DANCE HALL.

BY DALLETT FUGUET.

PASSING the brilliant windows of a hall
I peered within, upon the dancing throng.
They mowed and bowed and bobbed while swung along
The rhythmic stream of some melodic fall
That swayed each soul there in its surging thrall,
But was unheard by me without. How strong
Life's zest seemed in that silent music's song!
Yet I, without the pane, laughed at it all.

So in dread moments may we stand without
Ourselves, when we and ours seem as a dream,
And see our little selves bob down the stream
Of silent minutes, not to come again.
God guard us in that moment from the doubt
That laughter and that tears alike are vain!



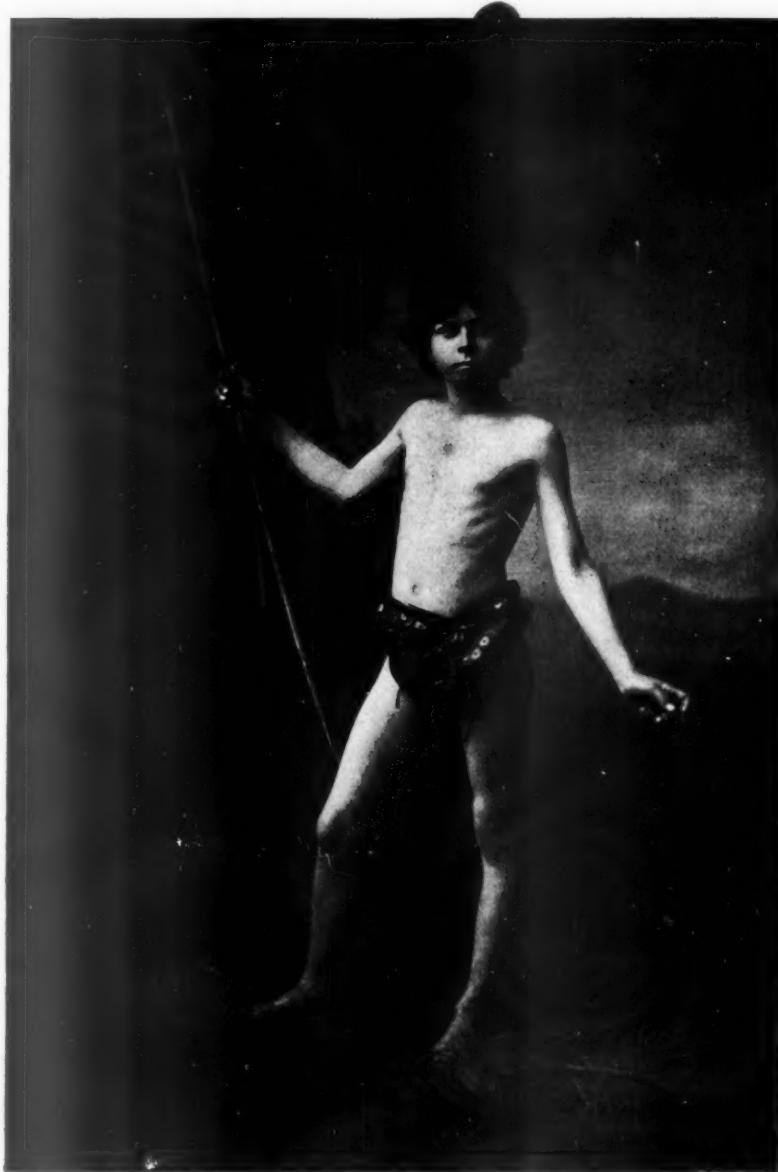


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A LEGEND OF THE NAVAJOES.

BY WILLIAM CROCKER DUXBURY.

IT is strange how few of the many curious tales of early Indian days have been preserved in print. Army officers are not fond of using the pen and many stories that have served to beguile the nights around distant camp-fires are in danger of being forgotten, as the older officers pass from active military life.

In the history of the dealings, honest and otherwise, between the United States Government and the red men, there is no incident more curious than the unwritten story of "The Dancing-Man" of the Navajoes. Other Indian tribes have been subdued by bloodshed and driven into peaceful pursuits at the point of the bayonet, but the Navajoes, the bravest and most intelligent of the red men of this quarter of the century, were lured into loyalty by a trick. They were never conquered. To this day the remnants of this once-powerful tribe pin their faith to a shabby, old scarecrow preserved in a Pueblo mission, under the belief that "The Dancing-Man" foretold during many generations had visited them and stopped bloody conflict. The trick was never discovered.

The territory occupied by the Navajoes became part of the United States at the close of the Mexican war and was included in that vast tract north of the Rio Grande and west of the Mississippi. It is needless to state that the Navajoes had not been consulted in the matter. They promptly declined the honor of becoming citizens of the United States and refused to recognize any authority other than that of their chiefs.

Then came the soldiers to convince them with that old stock argument of gunpowder. When the army was moved out of Mexico a considerable force, composed of all arms of the service, was left to retain possession of the newly-acquired territory. Colonel Edwin V. Sumner, of the Second Dragoons, was placed in command of this force and established his headquarters at Santa Fé.

It was not long before he was compelled to notify the Navajoes that they must stop making raids into the valleys, and stop stealing cattle and massacring Mexicans. In reply they boldly defied him and announced that they would not give allegiance to the United States nor spare

a white man's life. They had a tradition that they could not be conquered until "The Dancing - Man" should appear among them. This practically amounted to a declaration of perpetual warfare. No Navajo had ever seen this "Dancing-Man," whose existence was so firmly believed in. For generations the promise had been handed down from one "medicine" to another that when "The Dancing-Man" appeared warfare should cease and the tribe forevermore be at peace.

Despite the presence of the soldiers, cattle thieving went on as before, and the lives and property of the white settlers were in constant danger. Colonel Sumner determined to put a stop to this, and sent a force of cavalry and infantry to rout the Navajoes from their stronghold. But the troops were ignorant of the difficult topography of the country and, underestimating the numbers and valor of the Indians, sustained great losses and were finally driven back.

Sumner then constructed Fort Defiance, which is now used for the Indian agency, and garrisoned it with infantry and cavalry, under command of Major Backus. The fort was so situated that it commanded the passes down which the Navajoes came from their mountain fastnesses, but, nothing daunted, they continued to sweep down, and their depredations were none the less serious. They even waited around the fort for opportunities to pounce upon any stragglers who should be foolhardy enough to get beyond the lines. Whenever hay was to be gathered for the stock, or wood cut, it always had to be done under cover of a strong guard. Even such escorts would occasionally be surprised and the Navajoes would carry off captives, whose names would become mere memories from that day on.

During one of these attacks the troops succeeded in taking prisoner a sixteen-year-old Navajo boy. About this time an inspiration came to Major Backus. He

had the boy brought into the fort and comfortably quartered and fed. This continued for two or three weeks and during that time the major proceeded to carry out the details of his plan. With the assistance of some good mechanics he prepared an automaton, whose arms, legs, and head could be worked by wires.

This dummy was hung up in the major's dimly-lighted study, and connected with his desk by invisible wires. The manipulating wires were hidden under skins along the floor or under the hangings of the walls. When all was arranged, the boy was brought into the major's presence, where was to be enacted a farce

that should influence the entire future of his tribe. The young warrior was squatted on a skin in front of the figure.

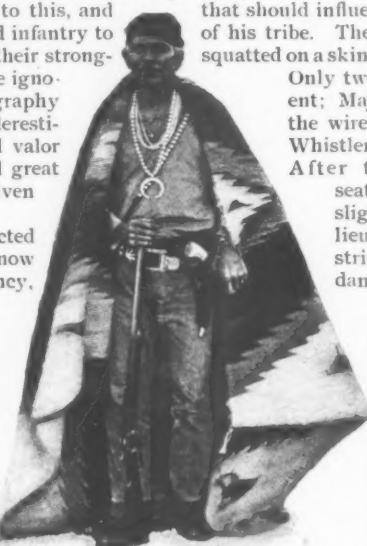
Only two officers were present; Major Backus, to pull the wires, and Lieutenant Whistler to play a guitar.

After the boy had been seated, the lights were slightly raised, and the lieutenant twanged the strings of his guitar in dance time. Slowly the

figure began to move; the music grew livelier, and presently the figure was keeping time to the rhythm with a kicking of the legs, waving of the arms, and nodding of the head. The boy first looked surprised; then sat open-eyed

and spellbound. When the exhibition had been finished, the boy, without a word having been spoken, was taken back to his quarters. He showed that he was fully convinced. He felt that his eyes had actually beheld the all-powerful "Dancing-Man," a privilege that had never before been accorded a Navajo, not even to the greatest medicine-man his tribe had ever known.

Major Backus played his game carefully and well, for he had a great deal at stake. Another week of care and almost luxury was bestowed upon the boy. He was then loaded with provisions, placed out-



A NAVAJO CHIEF.



Drawn by *T. de Thulstrup*.

"THE NAVAJOES EVEN WAITED AROUND THE FORT."



BRIDE AND GROOM.

side the walls and told to go home. His tribesmen could scarcely credit their senses when they saw him alive. Such was not the fate of prisoners within their ken. When he told them of the good time he had enjoyed, the comfortable quarters, the abundance of food, and crowned it all with the statement that the white men had "The Dancing-Man" in their possession, they were half-minded to kill him as being either a liar or traitor.

However, a kindly-hearted, old medicine-man came to the lad's rescue and restrained the more violent. It would do no harm to investigate the story, he said, and the boy might possibly be telling the truth. Accordingly, three days after the Navajo had left the fort, two chiefs appeared outside the walls with a flag of truce. A squadron of cavalry was sent to meet them. The chiefs said to the interpreter they had heard that "The Dancing-Man" was in the fort and they wished to see him. The Navajoes were purposely kept waiting a very long time before an answer was vouchsafed. When it came it was to the effect that they had incurred the displeasure of the sacred "Dancing-Man" by killing the white soldiers. If, however, they would return

at the end of two weeks with their wives the god might be in a better humor and accord them an audience.

Promptly, on the day set, the chiefs returned with their wives. The same tactics were followed as with the boy. After being hospitably entertained for a while, until they got into a genial frame of mind, the major and the lieutenant re-enacted the farce for their benefit. It was highly successful. The chiefs, proud and pleased and somewhat awe-struck, stalked off to their wigwams to spread the news that "The Dancing-Man" was truly in the land.

The decision of the medicine-man was that peace must be declared at once. Hostilities were stopped and peace has been religiously kept until this day.

From merciless enemies, the Navajoes were suddenly transformed into friends and allies. They visited constantly at the fort and held Major Backus in great reverence as being the personal guardian and a sort of host for their semi-deity.

A few months later the major was granted leave of absence to go East for a long visit. When the Navajoes learned this they immediately began to speculate on the future of their "Dancing-Man." With the major's care gone, they feared that harm might come to him and so asked permission to take him to some permanent place of safety. This was readily granted. The Navajoes were warm friends of the Pueblos, who had been converted by the Jesuits and had a mission church some twenty miles below Fort Defiance. It was to this mission that they decided to take "The Dancing-Man."

One beautiful summer morning about sunrise the garrison was aroused by a fearful din; the noise of kettledrums, horns and cries formed an immense discord. The Navajoes and Pueblos, with their chiefs, had come in all the glory of paint and gay blankets to celebrate in fitting style the removal of Major Backus' stuffed man. They had brought a conveyance that looked like a cross between a sedan-chair and a palanquin, in which to carry the figure. The body of the chair, which was carefully inclosed by the gaiest of blankets, was supported on poles, borne by four Indians. The dummy, wrapped in a red army blanket, was reverently brought out and placed in



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

"THE BOY SAT SPELL-BOUND."

the conveyance. Then the whole crowd started on a sharp run that was not broken until the mission was reached, twenty miles away, the braves being relieved every now and then by relays.

A niche had been made in the wall for "The Dancing-Man." He was placed in it without any further ceremony and there he remains to this day.

This simple and lasting deception of the Navajoes is all the more singular from the fact that they were, by long odds, the most intelligent of all the Western tribes. They were preëminent in their manhood, bravery and many other fine qualities. When first known to the United States troops they had some crude ideas of agriculture and carried on farming to a certain extent. This was probably one of the results of the Welsh blood that had been engrafted on the tribe in the early days of the development of the mineral wealth of Mexico. There had been brought into the Spanish colony a lot of Welsh miners, many of whom had married into the Navajo tribe, and exerted a strong civilizing influence. They taught the Indians how to use the loom and, in course of time, the Navajo squaws became very proficient in weaving blankets. Even to-day the Navajo blanket cannot be equaled in textile excellence. It is of such fine and perfect woof that it will hold water over a desert journey of sixty miles without shrinkage. The Navajoes are also very expert in making vegetable and mineral dyes, so that the colors in the blankets have never been known to fade or change.

Until the heavy hand of the military struck the Navajoes, they had not been considered a hostile tribe. They had lived in the hills, and whenever they needed cattle, sheep, or horses they made a forage on the Mexicans in the valley and got them, as has been the custom among dwellers in the hills all the world over. They rarely took human life, but the coming of the troops brought bloodshed,

and this was only changed by the incident here narrated.

To the interpreter who was stationed at Fort Defiance at the time "The Dancing-Man" was exhibited, and who witnessed all the occurrence, the writer is indebted for the particulars of this bit of Western history. Naturally, the official interpreter was in a position to be well posted on the affair. In the War Department Offices in Washington there are now on file the reports and letters of Major Backus, which confirm the story in every particular.

Major-General Alfred Pleasonton, now on the retired list, was also stationed, with his troop of cavalry, at Santa Fé and other posts in New Mexico while the Navajoes were being fooled into becoming peaceable inhabitants. General Pleasonton was thoroughly conversant with Major Backus' scheme and its happy result, and stands sponsor for the truthfulness of the narrative.

Once only have the Navajoes gone on the warpath since the automaton was removed from Fort Defiance to the mission with so much ceremony. The trouble was then a purely local one and could in no way be considered in the light of a rebellion against the Government. When the regular troops were withdrawn from Fort Defiance at the commencement of the Civil War, their places were taken by inexperienced militiamen. The Indians accused their new guards of double-dealing and all sorts of dishonorable acts.

At any rate there was bad blood and intermittent hostilities for a time until matters were smoothed out again. That came with the transferring of the militia.

Since the treaty of peace, brought about by "The Dancing-Man," the tribe have never occasioned the Government any trouble. But the Navajoes are in a very bad way at present. With the increase of white population their resources have been cut off, and last winter it was reported that they were suffering extreme destitution.



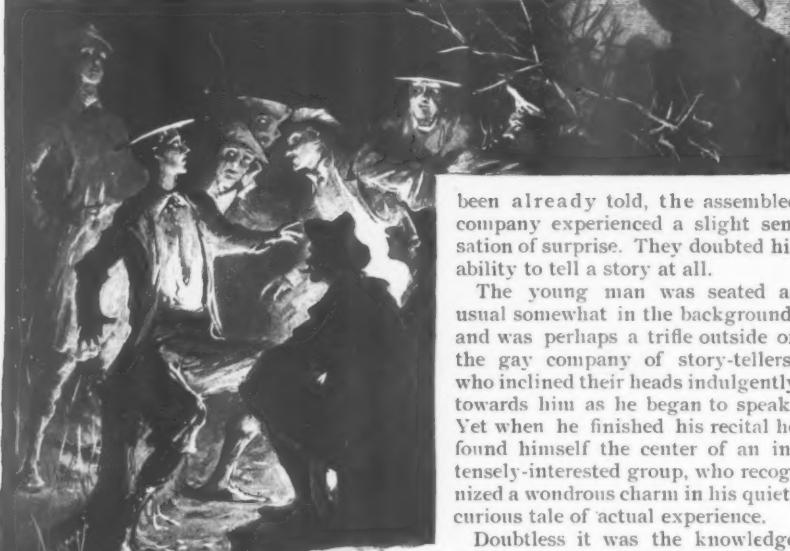
WEAVING A WATER-TIGHT BLANKET.



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

"THEN THE WHOLE CROWD STARTED ON A SHARP RUN."

THE STORY OF A STORY



BY CAROLINE
TICKNOR.

IT was not even a ghost story, so the one who told it quietly assured us, as we sat, a breathless group, around the blazing camp-fire. It was but a quiet tale of a curious occurrence which had chanced to come within the speaker's experience.

After the many thrilling tales and ghost stories which we had listened to on that memorable evening, the teller of this story timidly assured us that he hesitated to introduce his simple tale.

He was a quiet, unobtrusive young man, who always seemed intensely interested in what the rest of us were saying and seldom talked himself. When he did speak it was with an air of deep conviction as to the absolute truth of the statement he was making. He chose his terms with conscientious moderation, as if constantly guarding against the slightest extreme expression of exaggeration.

When he volunteered to add another tale to the many clever ones which had

been already told, the assembled company experienced a slight sensation of surprise. They doubted his ability to tell a story at all.

The young man was seated as usual somewhat in the background, and was perhaps a trifle outside of the gay company of story-tellers, who inclined their heads indulgently towards him as he began to speak. Yet when he finished his recital he found himself the center of an intensely-interested group, who recognized a wondrous charm in his quiet, curious tale of actual experience.

Doubtless it was the knowledge that we now were listening to a veritable statement of facts which lent to every small detail, each minor circumstance, a special interest, for naught else could account for the breathless attention which waited upon the young man's story, so calmly and accurately accounted.

He went on in the simple and straightforward style in which one thoughtfully recalls some memorable past experience which has impressed itself so deeply on his mind that only on some rare occasion does he refer to it.

As he began the story we noted a pleasing quality of tone, a sympathetic and varying inflection which had heretofore escaped our notice in the young man's voice, and which perhaps partly accounted for the charm his narrative possessed.

He first described an uneventful journey to a quiet country town, where he had gone in search of stupid records and old-time documents. Dissatisfied with his accommodations at the country inn, he had started out to look for some more comfortable stopping place and had

stroked out through the village until he reached the very outskirts of the town. Here he had turned into a pretty and secluded lane, down which he sauntered until he reached the end of it, where, to his great surprise, he saw a charming old colonial mansion looming up before him, shaded by splendid elms.

Nowhere in the vicinity had he seen anything but the commonplace farmhouse; varied in size and color, but always the same prosaic object. As the young man stood looking up at the attractive old house and sniffing the fragrance which was wafted towards him from the tangled luxuriance of the old-fashioned garden, a middle-aged woman appeared on the front porch, and, impelled by a desire to see something of the fine old place, he advanced quickly up the path and, lifting his hat, asked some trifling question regarding the direction of the road which he had just quitted.

Encouraged by the cordial response which he received, he ventured to push his inquiries in regard to another boarding-place and was more than overjoyed to be informed that he could "stop there" if he chose.

Delighted at the prospect of so great an improvement upon the musty inn, he at once arranged to avail himself of the opportunity which now presented itself so unexpectedly.

It was in the young man's description of the two or three days spent in this rambling old mansion that the chief interest in his tale lay. He described with wonderful clearness and accuracy the curious arrangement of the rooms throughout the house, so that we almost felt as if we had seen the place ourselves, and he dwelt upon two strange characteristic features which the building possessed. These were, first, a remarkable number of quaint and unexpected staircases, which thrust themselves up in all kinds of unlooked-for places, and, second, a great profusion of mirrors of all shapes and sizes; they hung on every wall and startled the beholder at his own approach, whatever way he turned. Moreover their arrangement was such as to accentuate the marked peculiarities of the house; the long passageways, which threaded their way at frequent intervals through the interior, seemed, to the eye, to stretch

away indefinitely, and the many queer nooks and corners were multiplied by their own curious reflection into countless more still queerer nooks and corners.

Large as the house appeared from the outside, it seemed much larger when one stepped within, and the young man described the strange feeling of loneliness which came over him as he explored a number of the deserted rooms in his endeavor to locate the one his hostess had assigned him. As he wandered through the passageways, which were now long and straight, now marvelously winding, he counted six staircases and then, feeling quite sure that he had made some grave mistake in calculating their number, he hastened forward and almost precipitated himself down still another stairway.

Owing to the winding of the passageways, however, he could not, by any means, feel certain that he had not counted some of the stairways twice. In his desire to ascertain the precise number of them he counted them several times and, to his great disgust, each time obtained a different result, until he finally gave up the thankless task.

And ever as he appeared inquiringly about him, images of himself jeered at him from the countless looking-glasses, until, quite out of sorts and utterly tired of his own reflection, which ruthlessly pursued him and mocked him with distorted pictures of himself, he went in search of the good woman of the house, who was assisting the maid-of-all-work to get the supper.

And a good supper they served him, too; quite the best he had eaten for several days. As he partook of it he wondered at his own impatience with the staircases and mirrors, and after its conclusion he strolled out to the porch and took up his position near his genial hostess, who accepted with deepest gratitude a newspaper which he drew from his pocket, containing the news of two days previous.

While the young man sat upon the doorstep of the porch and smoked his pipe, he ventured to inquire about the history of the old house with its marvelous mirrors and many staircases.

From the good woman he learned that there were many varying stories told

about the house. Some said that it was haunted; others that a hateful miser had lived there who kept his gold down in a vault beneath one of the staircases, and that the others were put in to mislead folks as to the situation of the vault.

"And how about the mirrors?" the young man had eagerly inquired.

She answered that some said the miser was so vain he needs must see himself at every turn; while others used to say he was afraid that somebody might creep up quietly behind him and he not know it, whereas with all the mirrors he could not fail to see a man's reflection as soon as he approached.

"I must say I don't set much stock by all those queer old stories," she went on, "and as for pulling down the house, on the mere chance of finding a few gold dollars underneath, I guess I'm not quite such a fool as that."

"Not that I care much for this house," she added; "stuck 'way off here without a neighbor in sight, and all those empty, useless rooms. I'd sell out here and move down to the village quick as a wink, if I could only get the chance. You see this place was left me by a cousin that died. I was his nearest living relative and so I got it, and in I moved, about a year ago, thinking it was too bad not to have the old house occupied. It had stood empty for I don't know how long before that; as the cousin that owned it never cared to stay in it, I guess because he thought 'twas haunted or some such stuff. He had the house from his great-uncle, who really was a kind of miser, I believe, though whether any of the stories told about him are true or not I can't begin to say."

The young man, being somewhat sleepy, retired early and slept soundly until past midnight, when he awakened suddenly, conscious of having had a very vivid dream. This dream he attributed to the numerous traditions and stories his hostess had recounted the night before.

In the dream he saw reflected in the mirror which hung opposite his bed, the stooping figure of the miser creeping stealthily down one of the long passageways. He held a lighted candle in his hand, and, as he gradually approached, his face was flashed distinctly into the long mirror, which, to the great astonish-

ment of the young man, revealed, not the pinched and cunning features which one undoubtedly would have expected to see within the mirror's depths, but a countenance of wonderful nobility and beauty.

Had the majestic face been sculptured by some Grecian master, it could not have surpassed the one now visible in perfect symmetry and exquisitely-chiseled outline.

In an instant the face had faded from the mirror and only one feeble ray of light, reflected from the receding candle, still gleamed forth.

Then the young man awoke and, starting up, stared at the mirror opposite his bed, and, after violently rubbing his eyes, he stared again, to make sure that he really was awake, for in the glass he surely saw a ray of light.

A strange, chilly sensation crept down his spine as he sat bolt upright in bed regarding it. Then his good, practical common sense came to his rescue and he hastily jumped up and opened wide the shutters at the window close beside the head of his four-posted bedstead, and, as he did so, the calm reflection of the moon peered at him from the looking-glass. His waking senses now assured him that he had been startled by one tiny ray of moonlight, which must have sifted through the partially-closed shutters.

Having returned to bed, he slept soundly and peacefully until a double knock recalled him from the pleasant land of nothingness back to a sphere filled with prosaic items like breakfast.

The recollection of his dream haunted him somewhat that day and, after he had finished his business in the village, he tried to find out something more about the interesting miser from his hostess, but without success, as she assured him that she could tell him nothing more.

The following night he dreamed again about the miser; this time he did not see him advancing down the long passageway, but caught first the clear reflection of his handsome features in the looking-glass, and then the mirror showed him continuing his way down the longest of the long, dark passages. On he went to the very end of it; then he paused and put his candle down on the floor. Almost immediately, however, he picked the can-

dle up again, as if seized by a sudden thought, and, holding it above his head, gazed intently into the glass before him, which now blocked his passageway, as if to make sure that no one was following him.

After that, he set the candle down again and dropped upon his knees before the mirror and proceeded to reach, with one hand, beneath the lower left-hand corner of the glass, as if feeling for something.

Suddenly the mirror tipped far forward, leaving an opening underneath, through which the old man slowly disappeared, taking his candle with him. Then the mirror swung back into place.

Here the dream ended, but this time the young man did not wake until broad daylight; then he rose hastily, filled with a most intense desire to test the value of his second vivid dream.

He readily obtained permission from his obliging hostess to explore the queer old halls and passageways quite to his heart's content, while she pursued the more important occupation of manufacturing crab-apple jelly.

After a hurried breakfast, he began his search, which he determined should be systematic and absolutely thorough. There were several passageways which undoubtedly resembled the one his dream had pictured, and each one, he discovered, had a long mirror at its end. But vainly he groped under the corners and about the edges of all of them, no secret spring or hidden catch revealed itself, and all his surroundings on the wall behind each mirror bespoke a solid background.

After he had carefully gone over every inch of space that he could find, the young man gave up in disgust and sat down on the top stair of the flight nearest his own door to meditate upon the folly which could lead him to pursue the foolish imagery of dreams.

"It's more than time I went

about my business," he murmured, pulling out his watch.

As he prepared to rise he noticed a mirror which had not before caught his eye. It hung upon the wall just where the stairway turned as it descended, and was set in a charming old gilt frame, with funny little cupids perched on either corner. So high up was this mirror that as the young man stood on the top stair he failed to catch his own reflection in it.

"It's a relief," he mused, "to see one glass that does not weary me with a view of myself. It's only because I am so near it, however," he concluded, as he retired toward his room. Before reaching his door some curious impulse caused him to glance back at the mirror, and this time he could see the hall in which he stood



Drawn by S. W. Van Schaick.

"THROUGH WHICH THE OLD MAN SLOWLY DISAPPEARED."

reflected there. He was about entering his room when suddenly it occurred to him that it was strange that he himself had not appeared in the glass, which had that instant reflected his entire surroundings. Wonderingly he stepped back and regarded it a second time. No, he was not mistaken, the very spot on which he stood appeared there, but he himself was nowhere visible.

It gave him a queer, uncanny feeling for a moment and then he determined to investigate the mystery. In order to do this he brought two chairs, and, placing one upon the other, just where the stairway turned, climbed up on top of them; this brought him more than head and shoulders above the bottom of the glass; as he gazed into it he saw again the hallway most distinctly reflected with its big mirror at the end, but no trace of himself was to be seen.

He gazed, in mute astonishment, at the strange glass for several seconds, then tried putting his hands against it, in order to discover if the least trace of his fingers would appear there, but not the least suggestion of them did the mirror offer.

At this the young man was so overwhelmed with surprise that he was on the point of losing his balance altogether and tumbling off of the two chairs (in fact, it was with difficulty that he steadied himself and still maintained his equilibrium), and, as it happened, he saved himself by catching at the disconcerting mirror and bringing a good portion of his weight against the glass. As he did so, he felt it slowly giving way as if he had thrust it quite out of its frame.

For an instant he feared lest it should come crashing down upon the stairs, but almost immediately he realized that the glass was continuing to swing inwards like a door. In another minute it had swung wide open and through the opening he still saw upon the other side the selfsame hallway which the mirror had before reflected. Slowly then it dawned upon him that it was clear glass and not a mirror through which he had been looking, and it was plain that still another passage was stretched out before him.

Cautiously he crawled through the opening and walked to the end of the passage until he came to still another long mirror precisely like the rest.

He stooped and with shaking fingers felt beneath the left-hand corner of the looking-glass. At first he found nothing, but he continued his investigations, determined not to be easily discouraged, and kept on lightly running his fingers back and forth under the corner of the glass.

Finally he encountered a small nail-head, which he took hold of. It, however, immediately dropped out of its place to the floor, and failed to give him any satisfaction. He lighted several matches and scrutinized the edges of the mirror and the wall behind it, but without making any new discovery. It then occurred to him to find the nail-head and put it once more back in place, and after some little trouble he succeeded in getting it into its original hole. Having done this he now tried pressing it with all the force that he could summon.

As he did so he heard a slight click, which convinced him that he had really touched some small spring; he waited in breathless suspense for further developments, but the mirror remained immovable.

He started to press again upon the nail-head when he discovered that it was gone from its place and, while he continued to feel for it, his fingers encountered another and much larger nail-head.

The young man now pressed cautiously upon the larger nail-head and, as he did so, fortune smiled upon him, for the mirror began to move and in another instant it had swung into a horizontal position.

All was dark beyond it and the young man stood still, silently regarding the darkness. A slight shiver ran over him as he realized the strange significance of his two dreams. Had he been chosen to unearth the mystery which had for many years lain buried in some subterranean vault.

He struck a match and, stooping forward, gazed into the darkness, holding the tiny spark at arm's length. This small illumination showed him another staircase, steep and narrow, which descended directly behind the mirror, then the match flickered and went out. It was the last one that his match-box contained.

At this point in his narrative the storyteller paused and seemed, for the first time, conscious that the scattered group around

the fire had gradually closed up about him, and that he was no longer outside the circle but had become its center.

The fire had died completely down since he began to speak and, though the night was chilly, no one had thought to throw on another log, all were so deeply interested in the young man's words.

As he now paused, half a dozen anxious voices exclaimed: "Well, what then?" "Did you go down?" And, "Was the miser's vault beneath?"

The story-teller continued: "I made up my mind to descend the staircase as soon as I could get a light, for I well knew that I could make no satisfactory research in the darkness. I therefore let the mirror swing back into place and, having done so, I ascertained that the smaller nail-head had once more snapped into its first position.

"I hastened back and slid once more through the old-fashioned mirror, which swung to after me, and I was hurrying to my room to get the candle which I knew to be upon my bureau, when the sound of voices outside greeted my ears and I heard my own name rapidly pronounced.

"Frantic at being interrupted at such a moment, I nevertheless replaced the two chairs which were piled up on the stairway and hastened down to meet the unwelcome visitor, determined to return and finish my investigations as soon as possible.

"Imagine my bitter rage and disappoint-



Drawn by S. W. Van Schaick.

"HE STRUCK A MATCH AND GAZED INTO THE DARKNESS."

ment when I discovered a telegram awaiting me, which bade me hurry back to town without delay, as business of the greatest importance demanded my immediate return.

"For a few moments I vowed inwardly I would not go, but would remain at any cost. What, after all, were business interests compared with the solution of the mystery I was on the brink of unearthing. I would stay regardless of results. Mechanically I drew out my watch and, as I looked at it, I realized that were I going back to town I had just time to catch the train. Here my sober judgment prompted me to pause before I persevered in any exploit which might seriously affect my business prospects. I asked myself if I had any right to disregard a summons which might be of the greatest

possible importance both to myself and others. In short, I came to the conclusion that I must leave at once.

"I had just time to settle with my hostess and to assure her that I should return ere long to spend a few days more at her delightful home, and then I tossed my things into my bag and, after casting one longing glance at the quaint old mirror, which was no mirror at all, I drove off with the telegraph messenger, who kindly offered me a seat in his uncomfortable wagon; and, as I went, I registered a vow to return at the earliest opportunity to carry out my interrupted search."

Again he paused, and several voices questioned: "Did you go back?" "Of course, you couldn't stay away?" "How

aggravating to go off just as you had found the miser's staircase!"

The young man nodded. "Yes," he said; "it was, and just there lay the difference between the things that really happened and those that were merely fictitious.

"If it had all been make-believe, I should have found a dozen bags of gold, whereas I only carried off a few old, musty records from the town."

A murmur of regret was audible from members of the group around the story-teller. "During my drive down to the train," he went on, "I asked the messenger if he knew any of the stories which were told of the old miser and he replied that he had often heard them, but couldn't recall anything to speak of about the old man, except that he was wonderfully handsome to look at and that no person ever knew what he did with all his gold.

"And I have never yet been able to go back there," the story-teller sighed, eyeing the smoldering embers, "to find out where the weird, old staircases lead to; but I am going back before long and when I do I shall stay till I solve the mystery, you may be sure.

"I hope you are not too much disappointed," he concluded, "for I warned you that my story was but a curious experience. The end is certainly prosaic, but then you must remember that it is not really finished." He glanced up with a dreamy smile. "Why, any one of you could go up there and furnish a conclusion to my story."

The young man's tale called forth a host of questions regarding the location of the village and of the quaint old mansion, which he answered politely but with some reluctance, as if rather unwilling to

enter into further details—perhaps already beginning to regret having so carelessly revealed his secret. Yet the questioners would not spare him, but plied the poor young man with questions until he had exhaustively described each landmark in that country village.

A few weeks later I found myself, perhaps by chance, perhaps by pure intention, in the village which the young man had described.

As I walked briskly through its shady streets I realized how accurate had been his whole description of the place. Each point of interest, every country farm-house was just as he described it.

I set out for the old colonial mansion. I found the quiet lane and strolled expectantly along the pretty footpath which led down it. As I approached the end of it I felt a thrill of wild anticipation; now at last I should see for myself the curious old place, and who knows—

I paused. Where was the old colonial mansion? I looked again. How strange!—only an ancient hay barn met my gaze.

I went back to the village and interviewed the landlord at the inn. I asked him how it was I had mistaken the road and begged him to direct me to the house of staircases and mirrors.

He laughed—a coarse and ill-bred laugh—and vowed there never had been such a house in that part of the country. Moreover, he declared he ought to know, for he had lived there all his life. I rose to leave him. I doubted his veracity and determined to seek elsewhere for information. Just as I crossed the threshold, however, he called after me that I was the sixth young man who had come up to see that old colonial mansion.



A QUEEN'S MINISTER'S BUSINESS DAY.



BY AN EX-MEMBER OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

THE truly virtuous British minister, we may presume, struggles down to his dining-room to read prayers and to breakfast in the bosom of his family between nine and ten a.m. But the self-indulgent bachelor declines to be called and sleeps his sleep out. Mr. Arthur Balfour invariably breakfasts at twelve; and more men than would admit it consume their tea and toast in bed. Mercifully, the dreadful habit of giving breakfast-parties, though sanctioned by the memories of Holland and Macaulay and Rogers and Houghton, virtually died out with the disappearance of Mr. Gladstone.

Breakfast over, the minister's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of exercise. If he is a man of active habits and strenuous tastes he may take a gentle breather up Highgate hill, like Mr. Gladstone, or play tennis, like Sir Edward Grey. Lord Spencer when in office might be seen any morning cantering up St. James street on a hack, or pounding round Hyde Park in high naval debate with the blameless Sir Ughtred Shuttleworth. Lord Rosebery

drives himself in a cab; Mr. Asquith is driven; both occasionally survey the riding world over the railings of Rotten Row, and even Lord Salisbury may be found prowling about the Green Park, to which his house in Arlington street has a private access. Mr. Balfour, as we all know, is a devotee of the wheel and his example is catching; but Mr. Chamberlain holds fast to the soothing belief that when a man has walked upstairs to bed he has made as much demand on his physical energies as is good for him, and that exercise was invented by the doctors in order to bring grist to their mill.

Whichever of these examples our minister prefers to follow, his exercise or his lounge must be over by twelve o'clock. The Grand committees meet at that hour; on Wednesday the House meets then; and, if he is not required by departmental business to attend either the committee or the House, he will probably be at his office by midday.

The exterior aspects of the Government Offices in Whitehall is sufficiently well

known, and any peculiarities which it may present are referable to the fact that the execution of an Italian design was entrusted by the wisdom of Parliament to a Gothic architect. Inside, their leading characteristics are the abundance and steepness of the stairs, the total absence of light, and an atmosphere densely charged with Irish stew. Why the employees of the British Government should live exclusively on this delicacy, and why its odors should prevail with equal pungency "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," are matters of speculation too recondite for a popular sketch like this.

The minister's own room is probably on the first floor; perhaps looking into Whitehall, perhaps into the Foreign Office Square, perhaps on to the Horse Guard's Parade. It is a large room with immense windows, and a fireplace ingeniously contrived to send all its heat up the chimney. If the office is one of the older ones, the room probably contains some good pieces of furniture derived from a less penurious age than ours. A bureau or bookcase of mahogany, dark with years, showing in its staid ornamentation traces of Chippendale or Sheraton; a big clock in a handsome case, and an interesting portrait of some historic statesman who presided over the department two centuries ago. But in the more modern offices all is barren. Since the late Mr. Ayrton was First Commissioner of Works a squalid cheapness has reigned supreme. Deal and paint are everywhere; doors that won't shut, bells that won't ring and curtains that won't meet. In two articles alone there is prodigality—books and stationery. Hansard's Debates, the Statutes at large, treatises illustrating the work of the office and books of reference innumerable are there; and the stationery shows a delightful variety of shape, size and texture, adapted to every conceivable exigency of official correspondence.

It is, indeed, in the item of stationery, and in that alone, that the grand old constitutional system of perquisites survives. Morbidly conscientious ministers sometimes keep a supply of their private letter-paper on their office-table and use it for their private correspondence. But the more frankly human sort write all their letters on official paper. On what-

ever paper written, ministers' letters go free from the office or the House of Commons, and certain artful correspondents outside, knowing that a letter to a public office need not be stamped, write to the minister at his official address and save their penny. But these are pettifogging economies. In old days things were done on a nobler scale. The late Sir William Gregory used to tell how, as a boy, he was taken by his father to see Lord Melbourne in his official room. "Now, my boy," asked the good-natured old Whig, "is there anything here that you would like?" Young Gregory chose a large stick of sealing-wax. "That's right," said Melbourne, giving the sealing-wax and adding a bundle of pens, "begin life early. All these things belong to the public, and your business must always be to get out of the public as much as you can." There spoke the true spirit of the governing families.

In days gone by each Secretary of State received on his appointment a silver inkstand, which he could hand down as a keepsake to his children. Mr. Gladstone, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, abolished this little perquisite, and the only token of office which an outgoing minister can now take with him is his despatch-box. The wife of a minister who had long occupied an official residence said, with pensive sorrow, on being evicted from office: "I hope I am not avaricious, but I must say, when one was hanging up pictures, it was very pleasant to have the Board of Works' carpenter and a bag of the largest nails for nothing."

And now our minister, seated at his official table, touches his electric bell; his private secretary appears with a pile of papers, and the day's work begins. That work, of course, differs enormously in amount, nature, importance and interest with different offices. To the outside world probably one office is much the same as another, but the difference in the esoteric view is wide indeed. For a minister who loves an arbitrary and single-handed authority, the India Office is the most attractive of all. The Secretary of State for India is (except in financial matters, where he is controlled by his council) a pure despot. He has the Viceroy at the end of a telegraph wire, and the Queen's three hundred millions of Indian

subjects under his thumb. His salary is not voted by the House of Commons—very few M. P.'s care about India; and he is practically free from parliamentary control.

"I am directed to acquaint you that My Lords do not see their way to comply with your suggestion, inasmuch as to do so would be to *open a serious door*." This delightful formula, with its dread suggestion of a flippant door and all the mischief to which it might lead, is daily employed to check the ardor of ministers who are seeking to advance the benefit of the race (including their own popularity among their constituents) by a judicious expenditure of public money.

Much of a minister's comfort and success depends upon his private secretary. Some ministers import for this function a young gentleman of fashion whom they know at home—a picturesque butterfly who flits gaily through the dusty air of the office, making, by the splendor of his raiment, sunshine in its shady places, and daintily passing on the work to unrecognized and unrewarded clerks. But the better practice is to appoint as private secretary one of the permanent staff of the office—if possible of your own politics—and then, as every minister would agree, you have the most efficient and the most obliging aide-de-camp. He supplies his chief with official information, hunts up necessary references, writes his letters and interviews his bores.

When the late Lord Ampthill was a junior clerk in the Foreign Office, Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, introduced an innovation whereby, instead of being solemnly summoned by a verbal message, the clerks were expected to answer his bell. Some haughty spirits rebelled against being treated like footmen and tried to organize resistance; but Odo Russell, as he then was, refused to join the rebellious movement, saying that whatever method apprised him most quickly of Lord Palmerston's wishes was the method which he preferred. The aggrieved clerks regarded him as a traitor to his order—but he died an ambassador.

Trollope described the wounded feelings of a young clerk whose chief sent him to fetch his slippers; and in our own day a private secretary, who had patiently taken tickets for the play for his chief's

daughters, drew the line when he was told to take the chief's razors to be ground. But such assertions of independence are extremely rare, and, as a rule, the private secretary is the most cheerful and the most alert of ministering spirits.

A word should be said about the messengers of the public officers—a highly intelligent, respectable and responsible body of men. In recent days a mistaken practice has sprung up of appointing old soldiers and undersized footboys to these posts, but twenty years ago they were filled by men of a different stamp—men like Truncheon in the "Little Dinner at Timmins's," who "had been cabboy to Lord Tantallan, valet to the Earl of Bareacres, and groom of the chambers to the Dowager Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe. Oh, it was delightful to hear Mr. Truncheon!"

A young man, a sprig of one of the great Whig families, was appointed to an under-secretaryship, and the first day he visited his office he was received by a venerable gentleman of ducal presence who said, with tears in his voice: "I rejoice to see you here, sir, and when I think that I helped to put your noble grandfather into his coffin it makes me feel quite at home with you." Surely never was an official career more impressively auspiced.

But it is time to return from this personal digression to the routine of the day's work. Among the most important of the morning's duties is the preparation of answers to be given in the House of Commons, and it is often necessary to have answers ready by three o'clock to questions which have only appeared that morning on the notice-paper. The range of questions is infinite, and all the resources of the office are taxed in order to prepare answers at once accurate in fact and wise in policy, to pass them under the minister's review, and to get them fairly copied out before the House meets. As a rule, the minister, if he sits in the House of Commons, knowing something of the temper of Parliament, wishes to give a full, explicit and intelligible answer, even going a little beyond the strict terms of the question if he sees what his interrogator is driving at. But this policy is abhorrent to the permanent official.

The traditions of the Circumlocution

Office are by no means dead, and the "crime of wanting to know, you know," is one of the most heinous that the M. P. can commit. The answers, therefore, as prepared for the minister, are generally jejune, often barely civil, sometimes actually misleading. But the minister, if he be a wise man, edits them into a more informing shape, and, after long and careful deliberation as to the probable effect of his words and the reception which they will have from his questioner, he sends the bundle of written answers away to be fair-copied, and turns to his correspondence.

And here the practice of ministers varies exceedingly. Lord Salisbury writes almost everything with his own hand. Mr. Balfour dictates to a shorthand clerk. Most ministers write a great deal by their private secretaries. Letters of any importance are usually transcribed into a copying-book. A chief under whom I once served used to burn the fragment of blotting-paper with which he had blotted his letter, and used to lay it down as an axiom that if a constituent wrote and asked one to vote for a particular measure one should on no account give a more precise reply than, "I shall have great pleasure in voting in the sense you desire." For, as my mentor observed with great truth, "unless the constituent has kept a copy of his letter—and the chances are twenty to one against that—there will be nothing to prove what the sense he desired was, and you will be perfectly safe in voting as you like."

The letters received by a minister are many, various and surprising. Of course a great proportion of them relate to public business, and a considerable number to the affairs of his constituency. But, in addition to all this, lunatics, cranks and impostors mark a minister for their own, and their applications for loans, gifts and offices of profit would exhaust the total patronage of the Crown and break the Bank of England.

In some of the offices a log-book has been kept by ingenious clerks in which the gems of the official correspondence are embedded.

When the day's official papers have been dealt with, answers to questions settled, correspondence read and the replies written or dictated, it is very likely

time to go to a conference on some bill with which the department is concerned. This conference will consist of the minister in charge of the bill, two or three of his colleagues who have special knowledge of the subject, the permanent officials, the parliamentary draughtsman, and perhaps one of the law officers. At this conference the amendments on the paper are carefully discussed, together with the objects for which they were presumably put down, their probable effect, their merits or demerits, and the best mode of meeting them.

An hour soon passes in this kind of anticipatory debate, and the minister is called away to receive a deputation. The scene is exactly like that which Matthew Arnold described at the social science congress—the large bare room, dusty air and jaded light, serried ranks of men with bald heads and women in spectacles, the local M. P., like Mr. Pugstyle in "Nicholas Nickleby," full of affability and importance, introducing the selected spokesman—"our worthy mayor—our leading employer of labor—Miss Twoshoes, a philanthropic worker in all good causes"—the minister, profoundly ignorant of the whole subject, smiling blandly or gazing earnestly from his padded chair; the permanent official at his elbow murmuring what the "practice of the department" has been, what his predecessor said on a similar occasion ten years ago, and why the object of the deputation is equally mischievous and impossible; and the minister finally expressing sympathy and promising earnest consideration.

Mr. Bright, though the laziest of mankind at official work, was the ideal hand at receiving deputations. Some ministers scold or snub or harangue, but he let them talk their fill, listened patiently, smiled pleasantly, said very little, treated the subject with gravity or banter as its nature required, paid the introducing member a compliment on his assiduity and public spirit, and sent them all away on excellent terms with themselves, and highly gratified by their intelligent and courteous reception.

So far, we have described our minister's purely departmental duties. At the Cabinet he must, to use Mr. Gladstone's phrase, "throw his mind into the common stock" with his fellow-ministers,

and take part in the discussions and decisions which govern the empire.

Saturday is the usual day for Cabinets, though they may be convened at any moment as special occasion arises.

Describing the potato famine which settled the repeal of the corn laws, Lord Beaconsfield wrote: "This mysterious but universal sickness of a single root changed the history of the world. 'There is no gambling like politics,' said Lord Roehampton as he glanced at the 'Times'; 'four Cabinets in one week! The Government must be more sick than the potatoes!'"

Lord Salisbury holds his Cabinets at the Foreign Office; but the old place of meeting was the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, at 10 Downing street, in a pillared room looking over the Horse Guards' Parade, and hung with portraits of departed first lords. In theory, of course, the proceedings of the Cabinet are absolutely secret. The Privy Councillor's oath prohibits all disclosures. No record is kept of the business done. The door is guarded by vigilant messengers against possible eavesdroppers. The despatch-boxes which constantly circulate between Cabinet ministers carrying confidential matters are locked with special keys, said to date from the administration of Mr. Pitt; and the possession of these keys constitutes admission into what Lord Beaconsfield called "the circles of high initiation."

Yet, in reality, more leaks out than is supposed. In the Cabinet of 1880-1885 the leakage to the press was systematic and continuous. Even Mr. Gladstone, that greatest of all sticklers for official reticence, held that a Cabinet minister might impart his secrets to his wife and his private secretary. The wives of official men are not always as trustworthy as Mrs. Bucket, in "*Bleak House*," and some of the private secretaries in the Government of 1880 were little more than boys. Two members of that Cabinet were notorious for their free communications to the press.

A noble lord who belonged to the Government of 1880, and who, though the most pompous, is not the wisest of mankind, was habitually the victim of a certain journalist of known enterprise, who used to waylay him outside Downing

street and accost him with jaunty confidence: "Well, Lord —, so you have settled on so-and-so after all." The noble lord, astonished that the Cabinet's decision was already public property, would reply: "As you know so much there can be no harm in telling the rest," and the journalist, grinning like a dog, ran off to print the precious morsel in a special edition of the "*Millbank Gazette*." Mr. Justin McCarthy could, I believe, tell a curious story of a highly-important piece of foreign intelligence communicated by a minister to the "*Daily News*," of a resulting question in the House of Commons, and of the same minister's emphatic declaration that no effort should be wanting to trace this violator of official confidence and bring him to condign punishment.

While it is true that outsiders sometimes become possessed, by these nefarious dodges, of official secrets, it is not less true that Cabinet ministers are often curiously in the dark about great and even startling events.

On the evening of May 6, 1882, I dined in company with Mr. Bright. He stayed late, but never heard a word of the Phoenix Park murders, went off quietly to bed, and read them as news in the next morning's "*Observer*."

But to return to our minister. The labors of the morning are now beginning to tell upon him, and exhausted nature rings her luncheon-bell. Here again men's habits widely differ. If our minister has breakfasted late he will go on till four or five, and then have tea and toast, and perhaps a poached egg; but if he is an early man, he craves for nutriment more substantial. He must not go out to luncheon at a friend's house, for he will be tempted to eat and drink too much, and absence from official territory in the middle of the day has a bad look of idleness and self-indulgence. The dura ilia of the present Duke of Devonshire could always cope with a slice of the office joint, a hunch of the office bread, a glass of the office sherry. But Lord Spencer, when Lord President, used to have an elaborate luncheon brought in from Spencer House, and Mr. Mundella, his Vice-President, was admitted to share it. As a rule, if a man cannot manage to get back to the family meal in South Ken-

sington or Cavendish Square, he turns into a club, has a cutlet and a glass of claret, and goes back to his office for another hour's work before going to the House.

At half-past three questions begin and every minister is in his place, unless, indeed, there is a levee or a drawing-room, when a certain number of ministers, besides the great officers of state, are expected to be present. The minister lets himself into the House by a private door, of which ministers alone have the key, at the back of the chair. For an hour and a half, or perhaps longer, the storm of questions rages, and then the minister, if he is in charge of the bill under discussion, settles himself on the Treasury bench for the remainder of the day. If, however, he is not concerned with the business, he goes out perhaps, for a breath of air and a cup of tea on the terrace, and then buries himself in his private room—generally a miserable little dog-hole in the basement—where he finds a pile of office-boxes, containing papers which must be read, minuted, and returned to the office with all convenient despatch. From these labors he is suddenly summoned, by the shrill ting-ting of the division-bell and the rancorous bellow of the policeman to take part in a division. He rushes upstairs two steps at a time and squeezes himself into the House through the almost closed doors. "Which are we?" he shouts to the whip. "Ayes," or "Noes," is the hurried answer, and he stalks through the lobby to discharge this intelligent function, dives down to his room again, only, if the House is in committee, to be dragged up again ten minutes afterwards for another repetition of the same farce, and so on indefinitely.

It may be asked why a minister should undergo all this worry of running up and down, and in and out, laying down his work and taking it up again, dropping threads, and losing touch, and wasting time, all to give a purely party vote, settled for him by his colleague in charge of the bill, on a subject with which he is personally unfamiliar. If the Government is in peril, of course, every vote is wanted; but with a normal majority, ministers' votes might surely be "taken as read" and assumed to be given to the side to which they belong. But the traditions

of government require ministers to vote. It is a point of honor for each man to be in as many divisions as possible. A record is kept of all the divisions of the session and of the week, and a list is sent round every Monday morning showing in how many each minister has voted. The whips, who must live and move and have their being in the House, naturally head the list, and their colleagues in a rather uncertain order. A minister's place in this list is mainly governed by the question whether he dines at the House or not, if he dines away and "pairs," of course he does not in the least jeopardize his party or embarrass his colleagues, but "pairs" are not indicated in the list of divisions, and as divisions have an awkward knack of happening between nine and ten, the habitual diner-out naturally sinks in the list. If he is a married man, the claims of the muliebus uxor are, to a certain extent, recognized by the whips, but woe to the bachelor who, with no domestic excuse, steals away for two hours' relaxation.

The good minister therefore stays at the house and dines there. Perhaps he is entertaining ladies in the crypt-like dining-rooms which look on the terrace, and, in that case, the charms of society may neutralize the discomforts of the room and the unattractive character of the food. But if he dines upstairs at the ministerial table, few indeed are the alleviations of his lot. In the first place he must dine with colleagues with whom his whole waking life is passed—excellent fellows and capital company—but nature demands an occasional enlargement of the mental horizon. Then if by chance he has one special bugbear—a bore or an egotist, a man with dirty hands or a churlish temper—that man will inevitably come and sit down beside him and insist on being affectionate and fraternal. The room is very hot; dinners have been going on in it for the last two hours; the all-pervading odor of roast meat—which the gods loved, but which most men dislike—permeates the atmosphere; your next-door neighbor is eating a rather high grouse while you are at your apple-tart, or the perfumes of a deliquescent Camembert mingle with your coffee. There is a singular want of nicety in the arrangements and service. The waiters are appar-

ently the potmen of the neighboring taverns, and you may chance to find the head and tail of your smelt spliced together with a wooden toothpick. There is not one redeeming feature.

To wash down these delicacies you may, if you choose, follow the example of Lord Cross, who, when he was Sir Richard, drank beer in its native pewter, or of Mr. Radcliffe Cook, who tries to popularize cider; or you may venture on that thickest, blackest and most potent of vintages, which a few years back still went by the name of Mr. Disraeli's port. But, as a rule, these heroic beverages are eschewed by the modern minister. Perhaps, if he is in good spirits after making a successful speech or fighting his estimates through committee, he will indulge himself with an imperial pint of champagne; but more often a whisky and soda, or a half bottle of Zeltinger quenches his modest thirst.

On Wednesday and Saturday our minister, if he is not out of London, probably dines at a large dinner-party. Once a session he must dine in full dress with the Speaker; once he must dine at, or give, a full-dress dinner "to celebrate her Majesty's birthday." On the eve of the meeting of Parliament he must dine again in full dress with the Leader of the House, to hear the rehearsal of the "gracious speech from the throne." But, as a rule, his experience on Wednesday and Saturday is a ceremonious banquet at a colleague's house, and a party strictly political—perhaps the Prime Minister as the main attraction, reinforced by Lord and Lady Tite-Barnacle, Mr. and Mrs. Stilt-stalking, Sir John Taper, and young Mr. Tadpole.

A political dinner of thirty colleagues, male and female, in the dog-days is only a shade less intolerable than the greasy rations and mephitic vapors of the House of Commons dining-room. At the political dinner "shop" is the order of the day; conversation turns on Brown's successful speech, Jones's palpable falling-off, Robinson's chance of office, the explanation of a recent by-election, the prospects of an impending division, and what Lord Beaconsfield justly called "that heinous subject, on which enormous fibs are ever told, the registration." And to fill up the cup of boredom the po-

litical dinner is usually followed by a political evening party.

On Saturday the minister probably does two hours' work at his office, and has some boxes sent to his house, but the afternoon he spends in cycling, or golfing, or riding, or boating, or he leaves London till Monday morning. On Wednesday he is at the House till six, and then escapes for a breath of air before dinner. But on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, as a rule, he is at the House from its meeting at three till it adjourns at any hour after midnight. After dinner he smokes and reads, and tries to work in his room, and goes to sleep and wakes again, and toward midnight is unnaturally lively. Outsiders believe in the "twelve o'clock rule," but insiders know, as a matter of fact, that it is suspended as often as an Irish member in the 1880 Parliament. Whoever else slopes homeward, ministers must stay. The present writer has been fetched out of his bed, to which he had surreptitiously retired, by a messenger in a hansom, and taken back to the House to defend his estimates at three in the morning.

There we sit with ranks unbroken, cheering on the
fierce debate,
Till the sunrise lights us homeward as we tramp
through Storey's Gate,
Racked with headache, pale and haggard, worn by
nights of endless talk,
While the early sparrows twitter all along the Bird-
Cage walk.

Yet some ardent spirits there are who, if report speaks true, are not content with even this amount of exertion and excitement. A noble duke, when he held office in the House of Commons, used to finish his night or begin his day with a rubber at the turf, and an eminent judge, formerly a law-officer, was believed to banish care and induce rest by games considerably more hazardous. But we are describing, not choice spirits or chartered *viveurs*, but the blameless minister whose whole life, during the parliamentary session, is the undeviating and conscientious discharge of unexciting duty; and he, when he lays his head upon his respectable pillow any time after one a.m., may surely go to sleep in the comfortable consciousness that he has done a fair day's work for a not exorbitant remuneration.

THE LOVE OF LADY ISABEL BURTON.

BY MARGARET LENOX.

DEVOTED love is so rare that the true story of a woman who has given a life regardless of discomforts and trials to the furtherance of her husband's ambitions and adventures must be always one of interest.

The story of Lady Isabel Burton's life is one of romantic attachment in the beginning, followed by unswerving affection and faith; by sacrifice and patience; by personal comradeship and by the constant support of a courageous soul.

Lady Burton died in London last spring. She was the wife of that daring and distinguished traveler, Sir Richard Burton, and had been his companion in worldwide wanderings and hazardous exploration. When Sir Richard died she followed him quickly to the grave with a broken heart.

The ancestors of these two beings linked in such strong companionship were in striking contrast. Captain Burton, afterward Sir Richard, was descended from Francis Pierpont Burton, first Marquis of Conyngham. His grandfather was Rev. Edward Burton, of Tuam, Galway. His uncle, Bishop Burton, of Killala. His grandmother was Maria Margareta Campbell, daughter of the Vicar-General of Tuam and descended from Louis XIV. by the Huguenot Countess of Montmorency.

He was credited with having a strain of Gipsy blood in his veins, which was said to account for his restless disposition and his wonderful ability to acquire languages. After the death of Mezzofanti he was considered the finest linguist in Europe, being the master of thirty-five languages and dialects.

At an early age he entered the Indian service under Sir Charles Napier.

Later on he penetrated Arabia, disguised as an Afghan, and made the pilgrimage to Mecca, including the kissing of the Black Stone, so holy to all Mohammedans. It was Burton's exploration which opened Africa to Livingston, Cameron and Stanley, and he received in recognition numberless medals from the European geographical societies.

Lady Burton was carefully nurtured and reared to womanhood without coming in contact with the rough touch of the world.



Isabel Burton

LADY ISABEL BURTON.

She came of one of the proudest and most distinguished families in England, the Arundels of Wardour, and could boast a line of ancestors reaching so far back that those dating from the Conquest seemed modern in comparison. On this account and because the Arundels were and always had been devout Roman Catholics, her marriage with a Protestant who was only a captain in the Indian service, was generally considered a misalliance. Her family were most vigorous in opposing the union and were successful for several years.

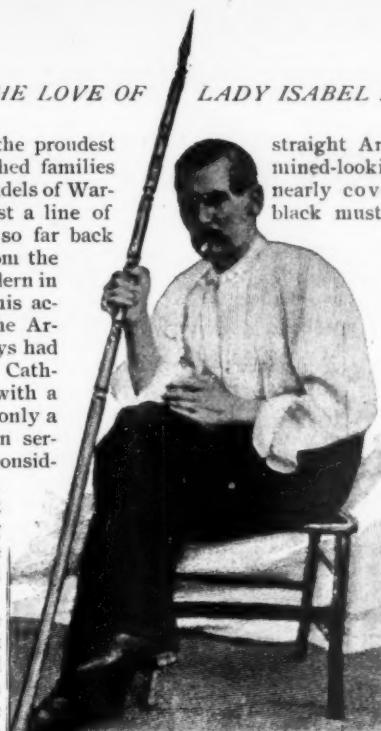
But the strength of her attachment finally overpowered opposition, and then came love so romantic and so beautiful in its completeness that its story must encourage those who, under the teachings of modern society, grow skeptical as to the happiness of marriage and point the way to what a true marriage should be.

Once, when she was a girl, a Gipsy woman of rare refinement and beauty, named Hagar Burton, told Isabel Arundel her fortune.

"You will bear the name of our tribe," she said, "and be right proud of it; you will be as we are, but far greater; your life will be all wandering, change and adventure. One soul in two bodies; in life and in death, never long apart."

Such a prophecy seemed at the time an absurd one to the girl who was an Arundel; but soon after this episode, the romance was begun which was to fulfil the Gipsy's strange prediction.

One day, when a very young girl in Boulogne, while walking on the ramparts, with her sister, a man came towards them whom fate had destined for her, and whom she thus describes: "He was five feet eleven inches in height, very broad, thin and muscular; he had very dark hair, black, clearly-defined, sagacious eyebrows, a brown, weather-beaten complexion,



SIR RICHARD BURTON IN HIS TENT.

straight Arab features, a determined-looking mouth and chin, nearly covered by an enormous black mustache. (A friend later said that 'he had the brow of a God, and the jaw of a devil!') The most remarkable part of his appearance was two large, black, flashing eyes, with long lashes, that pierced you through and through. He had a fierce, proud, melancholy expression. He looked at me as though he read me in a moment, and started a little. I was completely magnetized, and when I got a little distance away I whispered to my sister: 'That man will marry me!'"

As preliminary to an acquaintance, he chalked up on a wall: "May I speak to you?" and left the chalk for an answer. Miss Arundel wrote: "No, mother will be angry."

A few days later they were formally introduced at a dance, and the name made her start. Of this she writes: "That was a night of nights. He waltzed with me once, and spoke to me several times. I kept the sash where he put his arm around me, and my gloves, and never wore them again."

After this she often passed him on the ramparts and made excuses to be near him and hear his voice, when he was unaware. Of this she says: "When I met him I used to turn red and pale, hot and cold, dizzy and faint, sick and trembling, and my knees used to nearly give way under me. My mother sent for the doctor, to complain 'my digestion was out of order,' that I 'got migraines in the street.' He prescribed a pill which I put in the fire."

About this time Richard Burton went to Arabia upon his famous pilgrimage to Mecca. After his return he asked Isabel Arundel if she could "dream of doing anything so sickly as to give up civiliza-

tion, and, if he could obtain a consulate at Damascus, go and live there." This filled her with such happiness that she was speechless. Not till he begged her forgiveness for having asked so much did she find her voice to say: "I have prayed for you every day, morning and night, for six years. I would rather have a crust and a tent with you than be queen of all the world."

"Your people will not give you to me," he said. "I know that," she answered, "but I belong to myself, and I give myself away."

But there was family opposition and the Gipsy blood started him suddenly away again on his travels. She always believed that his apparition appeared to her and bade her farewell. This is her description of the occurrence: "We had been engaged for some months; one day in October we had passed several hours together and he appointed to come next day. I went to bed quite happy, but

could not sleep at all. At two o'clock a.m. the door opened and he came into the room. A current of warm air came toward my bed. He said: 'Good-by, my poor child, my time is up and I have gone, but do not grieve; I shall be back before four years, and I am your destiny; good-by.' He held up a letter, looked long at me and went out slowly, shutting the door.

"I sprang out of bed, into the passage. There was nothing. At eight next morning, when the post came, there was a letter for my sister, inclosing one for me.

He had thought it too painful to part, and that we should suffer less that way. He had left London at six o'clock the previous evening, eight hours before I saw him in the night."

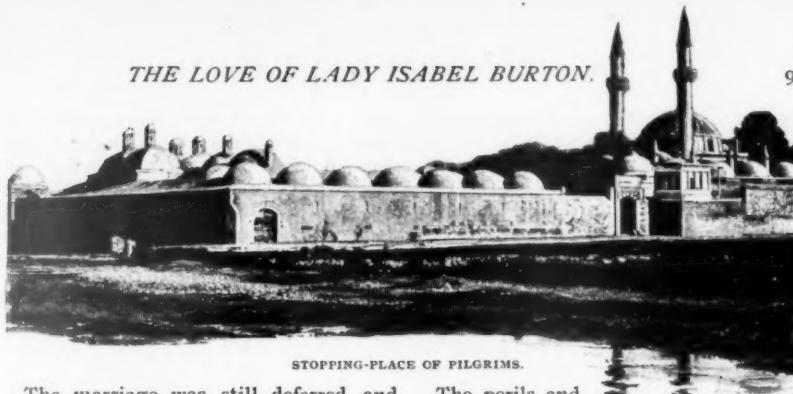
Captain Burton was a past-master of the occultism of the East. Later he wrote to the "London Times," that twenty years of experience had convinced him that perception is possible without the usual channel of the senses. He claimed to have a sixth sense, which he called "nervous perception." Once after a dream Burton told his wife to sell her Argentine securities. Some time after, he asked if she had done so; she said no, the investment had been so well recommended and the percentage was so good. "Get a pen and ink at once, write the letter and I will post it," he said. She did so, and the banker replied in a grieved state of mind at this sudden order to sell. A very short time after, Argentine securities went to pieces.

Poor Isabel bore the long separation from Burton as best she could, sending him each fortnight a full account of ail that could interest him, keeping him thus in touch with the world of civilization. On this trip to Africa, he fell ill of fever. His fellow-traveler, Captain Speke, pushed forward and discovered Lake Tanganyika, receiving, upon his return to England, the honors and rewards due to such important work.

Captain Burton had been gone three years when Speke returned alone, bringing news of his own discovery, as he claimed, of the source of the Nile. He was everywhere received with enthusiasm, while all that was known of Richard Burton was that he was ill in Africa. Isabel Arundel was in utter despair with hope deferred, when one day she chanced to call upon a friend and, not finding her at home, sat down to wait. Suddenly the bell rang and, turning, she was face to face with Richard Burton, like one from the dead and almost unrecognizable from sickness and disappointment. He had had twenty-nine attacks of fever, been partially paralyzed and half-blind. "Never," she said, "did I feel the strength of my love until then. His youth, health, spirits and beauty were all gone for the time, but he was still my earthly God and king, and I could have knelt at his feet and worshiped him."



SIR RICHARD DISGUISED
AS AN AFGHAN.



STOPPING-PLACE OF PILGRIMS.

The marriage was still deferred and presently Burton was able to go to America, where he spent some time in the Mormon community and in California.

Upon his return he insisted on the marriage. Her mother still opposing it, he solemnly told Isabel that she must now choose. If he went away again he should never return. Her answer was: "I marry you this day three weeks, let who will say nay."

Special license came from Rome to Cardinal Wiseman, and, encouraged by her father, Isabel Arundel was married in the simplest fashion to Richard Burton.

Lady Burton was a beautiful and fascinating woman, but there is no hint of this in her writings, so entirely was her individuality absorbed in that of her husband. In her passionate devotion there was no thought of self. Pain and pleasure came to her only as translated through his personality. Although much younger, there was always a touch of the maternal in her care.

She was always ready at a moment's notice to set off to the antipodes with him, only waiting, as some one has expressed it, "until she got her hat." Besides being the most devoted of wives, she was friend, comrade, counseior, the best of traveling companions, and an intellectual stimulus to her husband at all times. She was with him in Brazil, in Syria, India and Africa, and was always queen of the situation, adapting herself with wonderful sagacity to her environment.

After seven months of perfect happiness following their marriage, Captain Burton went to the west coast of Africa, leaving his wife in England. Upon his return, she refused to be left again under any circumstances, and thenceforth they were never separated for long, until by the Angel of Death.

The perils and dangers of a life of adventure in barbarous lands she shared with enthusiasm. Her only regret was that there had been dangers in the past that she had not been privileged to share —sickness in which he had been without her.

Being a woman of great breadth and and balance of character, combined with much depth of sympathy, her heart went forth to the whole animal creation.

Although she was one of the most devout of Roman Catholics, while her husband seemed to have no fixed religious beliefs, their difference in faith disturbed their mutual affection not a jot. It may be said by some that Lady Burton's absolute worship of her husband was largely subjective; that she idealized him and bowed down before her own idealization. Without entering upon the subject of how far love is always idealization, there is no question that this feeling which had so taken possession of her is what is commonly known as human love. It made a crust with her husband in the wilderness like bread from heaven, and a tent upon desert sands a paradise. Like all strong natures, Burton made stanch friends and bitter foes. Ignorant of the power of conciliation, he lacked woefully the quality of subordination, never hesitating to attack his superiors in the War or Foreign Offices when provoked. This, of course, prevented his promotion as a soldier or success as a diplomat. He was adored by his inferiors, soldiers, sailors, tribes, servants, children, animals. He was a bitter foe to conventionality, and was never so happy as when shocking insular prejudice. His vast store of knowledge of foreign lands gave him a superb impatience toward a man who, for example, from perhaps some knowledge of Turkey,

felt fully qualified to speak exhaustively upon India, a country which is really a continent, where more races are represented and more languages spoken than in all of Europe.

Lady Burton, besides acting as secretary to her husband, found time to write some most interesting travels, "Inner Life in Syria," "Arabia, Egypt and India," etc.

But she would never allow herself any credit, giving her husband the praise that might otherwise have been hers. His, alone, was the inspiration, his the guiding hand. She wrote: "All that I know he taught me." Her rare qualities are

placed in a much stronger light when we realize some of her husband's characteristics. To an ordinary woman Captain Burton's nature would have furnished rather tough fiber out of which to weave the beautiful fabric of conjugal happiness. He was a man of many faults, pertaining to his temper, education, and character; yet out of this unpromising material, she formed conditions which

make a record of substantial bliss seldom equaled.

About seven years before Sir Richard's death, his health failed. Lady Burton had in the past ridden with him, fenced with him and swam with him. She now devoted herself to amuse, to divert and distract her semi-invalid. With broken health came back the old restlessness with double strength. Every place bored him, and they were almost incess-

antly on the move. During the last years of his life a physician constantly accompanied them, with remedies, in case of the worst. His disease was a form of retrocedent gout, affecting the heart and brain. When the end came they were preparing for a winter in Greece and Turkey, not knowing that the time had arrived for that last journey which must be made alone. In the final attack he lay in her arms. Lady Burton, by a supreme effort, subduing her own agony, so that she might disturb the patient as little as possible.

His country gave the empty honor of knighthood to this man who had brought renown to the English name in the four quarters of the globe. Indeed, the devotion of Lady Burton did not grow cold. The beautiful mausoleum wherein he now rests at Mortlake is of white stone, shaped like the Arab tent so familiar to him and so typical of human life. The interior is chapel-like, fitted with rich oriental lamps and a shrine.

Over the door, and below the crucifix, is an open book, upon one page of which was carved the epitaph. Into this chapel came daily a heart-broken woman, waiting with impatience for the summons to depart, which would bid her join the soul she loved. Last spring the summons came, and the Gipsy's prophecy had its final fulfilment—"In life and in death, never long apart."



THE BURTON MAUSOLEUM AT MORTLAKE.



THE SELFISH MAN.

BY MARGUERITE MERRINGTON.

THE CHRONICLER (To the Night).—What, lingering in this half-way place! Then let us journey on together.

NIGHT.—Rather let us sit here awhile.

CHRONICLER.—But that will turn you into an anachronism. There is no such thing as a suburban night.

NIGHT.—Do you mean that I neglect anomalous places?

CHRONICLER.—No, but you don't belong there. Nothing positive does. There is the hush of a swarming city, like a Niagara walking on tiptoe, and there is the star-girt silence of unpeopled spaces; but these roads to somewhere else are always put off with a false dawn. Take that house, for instance—

NIGHT.—I was just watching it—that house.

CHRONICLER.—Ah, I suspected that you were staying to look in at some one's window!

NIGHT (Apologetically).—I so rarely get a chance to, nowadays. They shut me out and do without me. I measure the march of civilization by the way they shut me out and do without me!

CHRONICLER.—Never mind. You will always have the polar reservations for your day—if you will permit the contradiction—and the slums. Think of the slum-children to whom you are the great black lady who flies the gold balloon!

NIGHT.—Ah, yes. The children!

CHRONICLER.—And the lovers of Tompkins Square.

NIGHT.—Yes—the lovers!

CHRONICLER.—And the sick!

NIGHT.—Ah, yes, everywhere I shall always have the sick.

CHRONICLER.—Of course, you may be superseded there—by artificial silences. There are magicians at work.

NIGHT.—You only tell me that to plague me! Nothing will ever be for the sick what I am. Why, think of it—if they are doomed I never let them go into utter darkness, but I keep them here till dawn! When those who have been summoned from a distance come hurrying to the door Death may be on the very threshold, waiting to slip in ahead of

them up the stair. But I hold him back—and then, stealing in through some forgotten chink, I lay my hand on the fevered brow and keep the passing soul till dawn.

CHRONICLER.—And still we have yet to learn that Death is one with day! (Looking toward the house.) A light in the upper room and shadows crossing the blind. Who is ill here?

NIGHT.—The wife.

CHRONICLER.—Do you see the Shadow on the threshold now?

NIGHT.—No, but it is not far away!

CHRONICLER.—I trust it is. It seems no time since she was a bride.

NIGHT.—The husband is waiting below in an agony of suspense.

CHRONICLER.—So I see. Pacing the floor heavily. The lamps flaring and smoking vilely, the unshuttered windows open to the flying plagues of Egypt. That is just like the selfish man.

NIGHT.—Why do you call him that?

CHRONICLER.—A hasty totting up of character. I own the evidence is slight.

NIGHT.—I meet him regularly. I think he looks good.

CHRONICLER.—He is good-looking. And, oh, yes, he is very good on the whole.

NIGHT.—You don't like his going back to town every night?

CHRONICLER.—To evening classes? His thirst for improvement does him honor. But I think she has been lonely.

NIGHT.—They can't afford for her to accompany him. And, if she did, would she enjoy it?

CHRONICLER.—Heavens, no. She has not the brains. Don't you remember she is the girl we watched struggling with Herbert Spencer. She had expected to find it in cantos, because he had quoted it—rather needlessly, as I fancied—at a dance. He thought her intellectual output divinely "cunning" in those days. Now it bores him. However, they don't have overmuch of each other's company.

NIGHT.—What about Sundays?

CHRONICLER.—He sleeps and studies.

NIGHT.—And on holidays?

CHRONICLER.—She persuades him,

with reason, that he needs a change. Fishing is an innocent and wholesome pastime, so the selfish man bought himself a handsome fishing-rod—as he truly says, the best is always the least costly in the end—last Independence Day. As he said, if he had had good luck with the fish it would have cost him less than nothing.

NIGHT.—I understand that she may have been lonely. I remember now, I used constantly to meet him taking her to theaters and concerts. Such nice things they went to and such nice clothes she wore!

CHRONICLER.—Yes. In those days when the peacock spread its tail she was proud of the undue proportion of the salary he spent on her diversion and he was flattered by the way she dressed for him, beyond her father's means. Now, poor silly dears, they have come down to the real thing!

NIGHT.—I confess I have lately thought her a very unpromising young person. Whenever I pass she is reading trashy stories and looking far from neat.

CHRONICLER.—I notice that her greatest effort nowadays is to take her front hair off the tuning forks on which she twists it overnight.

NIGHT.—Truly, it was different a year ago.

CHRONICLER.—Ah, but now she is his far from successful landlady and then she was his "best girl." Do I wrong their standards by the phrase? No. Judging by the furniture—

NIGHT (Interrupting).—You know that they could get nothing less execrable for the money—even if they had known the difference!

CHRONICLER.—True, the poor are helpless. Though the manufacturer ought to be guillotined!

NIGHT.—Of course she has been lonely. Why didn't she have people to stay with her—his mother, for instance.

CHRONICLER.—Who would have advised her about the housekeeping. She needs it—but that's bad.

NIGHT.—Her mother?

CHRONICLER.—Who would have sympathized her into seeing that she has a grievance. She has—but that is worse!

NIGHT.—There are her young women friends. And yet I can guess her feeling that he has outgrown them!

CHRONICLER.—Yes. She is madly proud of "his brains." She would like to see them mounted on a plush plaque!

NIGHT.—Still, if her girl friends came, he is so much away from home.

CHRONICLER.—There may be some little silly pride about it. She is supposed to have married well—she has—but somehow they are pinched.

NIGHT.—But not in debt?

CHRONICLER.—Not exactly. But behindhand. For instance, with the payments for that ghastly furniture on the instalment plan.

NIGHT.—I thought the furniture was to be her father's present.

CHRONICLER.—It was, but then came that bad year.

NIGHT.—Ah, to be sure. More than once I kept his finger off a trigger!

CHRONICLER.—Oh, the selfish man's heart is in the right place. He loved her just as much without a penny. But they have never quite caught up.

NIGHT.—What can we do for them? There is always the sweet country beckoning!

CHRONICLER.—Death and destruction! The bucolic instinct has petered out in the life-struggle with a city.

NIGHT.—Then why not the city?

CHRONICLER.—To live in a slice of a house up a step-ladder?

NIGHT.—This may be the best—since we can do no better. Unless, of course, they had never married!

CHRONICLER.—Ah, we neither of us mean that.

NIGHT.—Not in the least. Yet she will always be a handicap to him.

CHRONICLER.—True. And he has cut her off from everything and is leaving her miles behind. What is the solution?

NIGHT (Starts up).—I see the Shadow near!

CHRONICLER.—Ah, no, no, no! Can we do nothing to prevent it?

NIGHT (Points to upper window).—They are doing all they can!—Ah, it recedes a little.

CHRONICLER.—Thank heaven!

NIGHT.—Poor man, how haggard he looks as he paces the floor.

CHRONICLER.—I like his face just now.

NIGHT.—The nurse has come with a message to him.

CHRONICLER.—The wife has thought

of him in all her anguish and sent him a word of comfort!

NIGHT.—Who is that coming up the lower stairs?

CHRONICLER.—I can't see in the dark. Describe him.

NIGHT.—Tall, shapely, clean-shaven, with strong, well-cut features.

CHRONICLER.—An actor?

NIGHT.—The look on his face is too habitually soulful.

CHRONICLER.—I see him now. His expansiveness is too angular for the boards. He is in the ministry.

NIGHT.—He is very young.

CHRONICLER.—An ecclesiastical fledgling waiting for a call. I smell coffee. Yes, he has been making coffee for his friends.

NIGHT.—He has had to light the fire. See his hands! The untidy Bridget was no doubt useless from excess of sympathy.

NIGHT.—At any rate he conquered the stove. How the selfish man gulps down the coffee! Poor fellow!

CHRONICLER.—See the divine washing his hands in the gold-fish bowl and the husband offering him a chair scarf for a towel!

NIGHT.—He refuses it with a genial head-shake and takes his pocket-handkerchief. He is his mother's boy.

CHRONICLER.—He is going to read to his friend.

NIGHT.—There is a trace of self importance in his manner.

CHRONICLER.—That will only last while it is a new experience to have his collar button at the back.

NIGHT.—It is a good face, but he is too emaciated for his build.

CHRONICLER.—He is in the ascetic stage. His first parish will overfeed him. Later he will learn that there is grace in muscle.

NIGHT.—How warm the boy looks in that heavy clerical habit.

CHRONICLER.—No doubt he wavered between that and the old alpaca coat he had on when the husband sent for him. The regiments had it, of course.

NIGHT.—You don't think that was the least bit exhibitory in him.

CHRONICLER.—Not offensively. I like the touch of officialism in his thought. It is his first ministry!

NIGHT.—Yes. And now he has forgotten that he reads well and he is reading beautifully! The Word moves him—and the husband, he cries—how he cries!

CHRONICLER.—Now he has thrown himself on the sofa and buried his face to stifle his sobs. I am glad. I hate that cushion and I like his tears.

NIGHT.—The minister's eyes are wet. He can't find his pocket-handkerchief.

CHRONICLER.—He draws his sleeve across his eyes like a school-boy. Later he will learn to be more economical.

NIGHT.—Of sympathy?

CHRONICLER.—No. Sleeves!

NIGHT.—The Shadow is near, near. Merciful Providence, how near!

CHRONICLER.—Ah, no, no, no, no. Dear heaven, don't separate them!—What was that?

NIGHT.—I have heard it a thousand times and it is always new—that faint, sharp cry in the night.

CHRONICLER.—The father has heard it, too. The pride of paternity is lost in anxiety for her.

NIGHT.—The Shadow is undecided.

CHRONICLER.—Amaranth and asphodel, the death-rattle in the throat and the wail of the new-born child. Oh, the pain of the world and the mystery beyond!

NIGHT.—The nurse has come to bring the father news. He cannot bear to hear what she may have to say. Ah, the minister laughs and claps him on the shoulder. It is all right—all right!

CHRONICLER.—Thank heaven!

NIGHT.—Yes—the Shadow has disappeared. It vanished when the child cried again.

CHRONICLER.—The nurse has told the father to come. See, he is taking off his boots. Of his own accord the selfish man is taking off his squeaky boots.

NIGHT.—There will be more holes in his socks for her to darn—but never mind. If she could see his expression now!

CHRONICLER.—The minister does not know what to do with himself. Yes, he does. He is kneeling in prayer.

NIGHT.—The child cries again! Oh, the unspeakable crime when man and woman freight that soul of the world on an unchartered life!

CHRONICLER.—It cries lustily and all

is well—What does it mean? We are partheists, you and I, and we have been appealing to the person of Mercy for a life that belongs to a law. These people are quite uninteresting and we are glad for them to perpetuate their kind. They are not well matched and we have been yearning to keep them together. And, except humanly, we do not care one straw about them. And yet—you know you have been crying!

NIGHT.—I must be going.

CHRONICLER (Detaining Night).—One minute. It is the grotesqueries of anti-climax that relieve the strain of the eternal tragedy. See, the father has come back! How important he looks. "My son," or "my daughter," written all over him!

NIGHT (Lingering).—I really should like to know which it is!

CHRONICLER.—Of course, he wanted a boy. It will be a boy. The selfish man always gets what he wants.

NIGHT.—And she?

CHRONICLER.—Oh, a girl, I suppose. Something to dress like a doll.

NIGHT (Pausing).—For her sake, I should like—

CHRONICLER.—So should I. But the boy will really be the better for them.

NIGHT (Sitting down).—I wonder—What is this, the young minister running across the way!

CHRONICLER.—The newspaper office. The selfish man wants to see it in print.

NIGHT.—It can't be that. The papers are all printed by this time.

CHRONICLER.—I have it! Scales from the grocer!

NIGHT.—Don't tell me it is time for the shops to open!

CHRONICLER.—No, no! It happens to be the grocer's day for getting in early supplies, I suppose. People like the selfish man always find doors open when they need things. At any rate they have the scales.

NIGHT (Lingering).—I hope they're honest ones.

CHRONICLER.—Oh, letter scales would do just as well for the matter in hand. I can hear the selfish man telling it all over the smoking-car to-morrow, on his way to business, "Ten pounds and a perfect beauty!"

NIGHT.—I wonder which it is! See, the

doctor has joined the group. He looks worn out. Why don't they let him go home? He has heard all this a thousand times!

CHRONICLER.—The father has got out a bottle of wine. Against his severe conscience the minister is opening it!

NIGHT.—They can't afford wine!

CHRONICLER.—The grocer probably persuaded the wife that he was selling it at a sacrifice because of the Raines law, and she took one bottle as a surprise for the father at the christening.

NIGHT.—She will be disappointed!

CHRONICLER.—Oh, the selfish man will make it all right. He will send Bridget for a bottle of champagne. "Nothing is too good to drink baby's health in," he will say. The doctor may have to wait for his money.

NIGHT.—The grocer has strolled over to make inquiries.

CHRONICLER.—Look at his face as the father offers him that wine!

NIGHT.—The husband is asking everybody to be godfather.

CHRONICLER.—The wife will have to go round later and explain that there is some mistake. Her manner is tactless and it may cause feeling.

NIGHT.—The father is telling them that he lives here, though it is rather inconvenient for him, in order that his family may have country air and milk. The grocer is laughing.

CHRONICLER.—Small wonder! He knows that there is but one cow within a league—a fancy thing in fawn color with a leaning to tuberculosis!

NIGHT.—They are all shaking hands.

CHRONICLER.—See the divinity student try to stuff the scales in his pocket while he holds the prayer-book to the grocer.

NIGHT.—I must be going! Good-by?

CHRONICLER.—Till to-morrow then, good-by. (Calls after the Night.) Oh, Night, Night, Night!

NIGHT.—I dare not stay. They need me further on.

CHRONICLER.—One word only. I heard the selfish man telling the milkman—

NIGHT (Pausing, interested).—Which is it?

CHRONICLER.—Both!

NIGHT.—No!—And each—

CHRONICLER.—Of course. And a perfect beauty.

TWO WRITERS.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

ONE bright, sunny, cold afternoon in midwinter two young men, both literary workers, though in totally different fields, sat before a blazing wood fire, in a parlor of the old-fashioned, square, white house that had been the homestead of the Troutlines ever since the family settled in New Hampshire.

Henry Troutline, the owner of the old house, was tall and pale and scholarly. His guest, Wilton Rolltop, was alert, bright-eyed and obviously city-bred. He had come on for a week's visit from New York, where he was employed as a police court reporter on one of the large dailies.

The room in which the young men sat was quiet, well ordered and warmed by both sun and blaze. Through the large window could be seen a broad expanse of dazzling snow, piled high above bushes and fence rails and stretching away a superb plain of minute, sparkling crystals, until it was lost in the fringe of dark, leafless woods that stood out a mile away against the blue sky.

From time to time the guest from the city left his place in front of the burning logs and walked over to the window, to look out at the great billows of snow.

"I envy you," he said at last, as he returned to his deep easy-chair and began to refill his pipe. "Here you have a quiet, comfortable place to do your work in and all that snow to write about, to say nothing of the possibilities suggested by that dark bit of woodland over there. By the way, how far back does that forest extend?"

"You have to go about ten miles, I believe, before you come to a clearing, but there's a lake back there, a couple of miles in, that takes up considerable of the space. I've never seen it, but I'm told it's three or four miles wide and a dozen long. But I'd like to know what inspiration a man can get from a big field of snowcrust or those dreary old woods, either."

"What inspiration?" cried the other. "Why, I can't look out of the window without getting some fresh idea that will do to use in a poem or a story and I can

tell you this would be a great scene for one act of a play—white is stunning when properly used on the stage, you know. And so you've never been through that dark forest or seen that mysterious lake that lies somewhere within its borders? Well, I shall take a walk there to-day. And what a relief it is to be rid of the constant jar and noise of New York. You don't realize how it affects your nerves till you get away from it. Here every sound is muffled by the blanket of snow."

"Of course it's a quiet place," retorted Troutline, "and if I had only as much to write about as you have I'd do some real literary work that I'd be proud to put my name to. With your knowledge of the east-side and your years of experience in station-house and police court you ought to write some slum stories that would make you famous all over the world. I've often wondered that you did not try your hand at it, for you certainly know more about the subject than any of those men who are writing so voluminously on it."

"There must be something necessary besides mere knowledge of a subject," replied Rolltop, thoughtfully, "for I've tried my hand at slum stories two or three times and have always failed. To tell you the truth I don't see anything in the slums that's worth writing about. There isn't half as much there as you think there is—nothing but dirt and poverty, and misery, and crime—not half as attractive as the well-to-do end of the town and not to be mentioned in the same year with that big plain of solid white with the mysterious forest in the background—the forest that hides the great, silent lake. Well, when you go back with me next week I'll take you around with me and you'll admit that what I tell you is the truth."

A few days later the two friends strolled slowly through a crowded, narrow street, flanked on either side by tall human hives and running directly through what is said by statisticians to be the most densely-populated square mile on the face of the earth. The sidewalks and roadway were thronged with people—it seemed to

the stranger that they were there because the tall tenements were too crowded to contain them all—and the sounds of strange tongues fell upon his ears.

A man whose tattered clothes were fastened about his waist with a piece of tarred twine and whose bloated face was seared with the indelible marks of a lifetime of drunkenness, brutality, and ignorance was thrust violently through the swinging doors of a saloon, and fell in a cursing, disheveled heap on the sidewalk.

"Nothing but a drunken bum," explained the city man, as his companion paused to look at the bit of human garbage that lay blaspheming in their path. A drunken bum, to be sure, but there had been a beginning and there would be an end to the life story of that bundle of fetid rags. There were many others like him, doubtless, for the children who were dancing to the music of a hand-organ did not pause in their sport when he fell sprawling at their feet.

"He's good for nothing, except on one day in the year," remarked the police reporter carelessly, as they continued on their way.

"What day is that?" asked the scholar, who had never before been brought face to face with such degradation.

"Election day, when he helps to elect our rulers. This is the Jewish quarter we're coming to now," and for the first time in his life the pale, untraveled scholar gained an idea as to the meaning of the word "Ghetto."

"There's a type for you to study," he remarked, pointing to a man of patriarchal appearance and wearing a long gray beard, who was standing in front of a small shop in earnest conversation with another man, whose face, like his own, was of the unmistakably Semitic type.

"Only some old Jew," replied Rolltop carelessly. "He probably came from Warsaw last week, but we'll live to see his grandson's name on Broadway."

Only an old Jew, but it seemed to the much-read, deep-thinking student that the history of his race was written in those patient, pathetic eyes, and in the lines of that sallow, thoughtful face.

Troutline heard a scrap of their talk as he passed the two men and instantly recognized the Hebrew tongue. The same language that was spoken by Moses and

written on the tables of stone that were handed down from the heights of Mount Sinai. It had been preserved by the children of Israel throughout all their wanderings, to be spoken here on a crowded New York street by this old man, who looked as if he might be the custodian of all the secrets and sacred traditions of his tribe—this old man whose progeny would perpetuate the ancient family name—slightly altered to meet the exigencies of modern commercial life and prejudice—on a Broadway signboard.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Rolltop," said a well-dressed man with a shrewd Irish face, who stood in front of a gaudy corner saloon with half a dozen men and two women gathered about him in respectful, almost suppliant, attitude.

"The boss of the district," explained the reporter, as he returned the other's cordial salutation. "He doesn't look like much, but he controls pretty near a thousand votes."

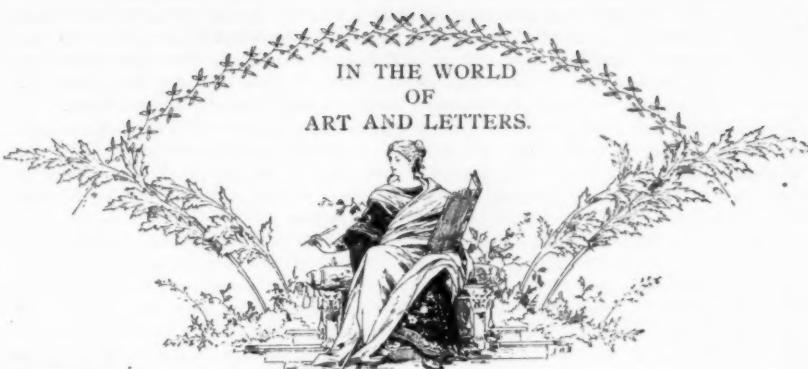
A sudden gleam of intelligence came into the stranger's eyes. "A thousand votes," he repeated, "and that drunken soot casts one of them—"

"More likely two," interrupted the other.

"And as goes New York, so goes the country," continued the pale student, "and a thousand votes will sometimes decide a presidential contest. Well, I've seen so much to-day that my brain is tired."

* * * *

Six months later two articles were published which attracted much attention, and were heartily praised by discerning critics. One was a beautiful bit of imaginative writing which treated of a mysterious lake in the depths of a dark and silent forest. It bore the signature of Wilton Rolltop. The other was a story, also imaginative, about a community in which the politician, shorn of his power, the quondam drunkard, cured of the disease called a craving for drink, and the Jew, shorn of his ambition and greed, dwelt together in peace and contentment, knowing neither cold nor hunger, nor care. It was signed by Henry Troutline, who had previously been known to magazine editors only as the writer of hopelessly uninteresting stories of bucolic life.



IN THE WORLD
OF
ART AND LETTERS.



Lionizing the Unsuccessful Actor.—The only sensational book that has been published in Paris during the present month is M. Jules Claretie's "Brichanteau." The name of M. Jules Claretie is, I imagine, as well known in New York as it is in France. And this is not only because the man who bears it occupies a high official position, but also because he is the general manager of the Comédie Française, an academician, and a commander in the Legion of Honor. All this has undoubtedly added to his reputation and contributed to spread it beyond the frontiers. But his chief title to fame is the number and importance of his works.

M. Jules Claretie is what is called a polygraph. He has always taken a lively and intelligent interest in a great variety of subjects. History, current events, the fine arts, the novel, the stage, have all, in turn, engaged his attention. He is one of those who may be said to have taken for his motto: "Nulla dies sine linea"—Let no day pass without writing something. He writes with an ease and felicity of expression which does not exclude, in the historian, a decided taste for exact documentation, nor, in the novelist, habits of precise observation and profound reflection.

He has, above all, a singularly keen sense for discovering subjects that are, as we say, in the air. I mean by this, subjects which, without having been yet discussed, are in some sort expected by the public. It was in this way that he came to write "M. le Ministre," a novel which has already reached its seventieth edition. M. le Ministre is the politician who, a year after arriving from his province and still unfamiliar with Parisian life, suddenly finds himself, thanks to the parliamentary game of chance, raised to the office of Minister of the Home Department.

He becomes puffed up with pride; he snatches eagerly at the joys which power gives; he devours greedily the pleasures of his new existence; he falls into the hands of a woman against whom a true Parisian would have easily defended himself, but who takes possession of this unsophisticated soul and molds it to her will. The first hundred pages of the novel are among the most brilliant in our contemporary literature.

M. Jules Claretie has had a wide acquaintance with actors. For he has put upon the stage, and consequently has had rehearsed, some plays which had an immense success—"Princess Zilah," "Les Mascadins" and "Marceau." But he has had an opportunity of studying them still more closely since he has been the manager of the Comédie Française, for he has constantly had to bear with their foibles and their eccentricities, at the same time that he has learned to esteem their great and sterling qualities.

In this way it was that the idea occurred to him of writing "Brichanteau." Brichanteau is a type which is probably unknown to you in America, but examples of which are numerous among us. He is the actor enamored of his art, but who, for one reason or another, has not achieved success; he is the man who has failed in his career, to use an expression brought into fashion by Alphonse Daudet, but he is a failure without melancholy or envy, an optimist failure.

Brichanteau had received rich gifts from nature—a voice which drowned the thundering voice of Beauvallet, his master, a quick intelligence and a love for his profession. He would have entered, had heaven so willed it, the Comédie Française, where he would have shown beside Maubant. But fate was against him. Beauvallet was jealous of his powerful organ and did him an ill turn. Instead of pursuing the path which would lead to fame and fortune, Brichanteau went astray at the cross-roads. He made the tour of the provincial theaters; he played, according as his engagements chanced to require, the best and the worst parts; he was, by turn, Orestes in "Andromache," Andres in "Les Pirates de la Savane," Ruy Silva in Victor Hugo's "Hernani," and Orsini in "La Tour de Nesle." He had even been a monk in the "Huguenots," and a man-at-arms in "Geneviève de Brabant," without considering himself lowered thereby. There is no humiliation in discharging the lowest functions when one does it with the consciousness of rendering a service to art.

As he grew older he grew poorer, but still without losing his dignity. Finally, to avoid dying of starvation, he accepted an insignificant employment in the vélodrome of Buffalo Bill. He became a "starter" in the cycle races. It was his duty to give the signals. These functions, however little brilliant they might be, gave him the occasion for making some graceful gestures, and these gestures, which were really artistic, compensated him for his mortifications; he needed but very little to console him.

You are, of course, familiar with Dolobella in Alphonse Daudet's celebrated novel, "Fromont, Risler and Company." Brichanteau has certain points of resemblance with Dolobella. They are, however, very different men. Dolobella is an egotist who sacrifices everything, including his wife and daughter, to his devouring pride; and who is not even conscious of the sufferings which he inflicts on the victims of his vanity, that in the end becomes fatal to them.

Brichanteau injures no one. His harmlessness is carried to so ridiculous an extreme that it is positively touching.

Brichanteau is charming because he is always treading the boards, because he believes, in good faith, that his life is a drama in which he plays the principal part. Claretie has described with delightful irony this ridiculous side of the character of his hero, who wears in ordinary life the nodding plumes of the stage. Nothing could be more delightful than the episode in which Brichanteau tells, with the utmost seriousness, how, in 1870, he had formed a plan to kidnap the King of Prussia at Versailles, and how, if this plan, as marvelously constructed as the plot of one of D'Ennery's pieces, had succeeded, France would have been saved.

Brichanteau is altogether artless. He allows himself to be carried away by the sentiments he utters. In his tours through the provinces he takes with him a crown which is to be presented to him in the last act, as he is leaving the stage. When it is given to him, he weeps real tears of pride and emotion. He is sincere, for he is an illusionist, or as we would say now, he is a victim of self-suggestion.

For every circumstance of his life he has words taken from his repertory. He does not say: "I shall require five Louis." He thinks of "Hernani" and speaks of five Carolus d'or. He goes boating of an evening and thinks of Mordaunt in "The Three Musketeers." If his nose bleeds, he remembers the blood-stained handkerchief which Andre Rosserin, in Octave Feuillet's drama offers to Dalila. What we call the professional bent is strongly marked in Brichanteau. Wherever he is, whatever he may be doing, he is always on the boards.

But what distinguishes him from many of his congeners, is that he is neither disagreeable nor cynical. Brichanteau's fatuousness is always good-humored, and his vanity is always relieved by a deep feeling for art. We can easily forgive him his little oddities because he loves his profession, because he holds it to be the highest of all professions, because he will never be guilty of a meanness which might dim its splendor in the eyes of the Philistines.

Jules Claretie has grasped all the shades of character of his hero, and has rendered them with great delicacy. Brichanteau is a living person whom we have all known, and who unites in himself a whole generation of actors of a by-gone day, who have now disappeared or who are fast disappearing.

The work is written with a sprightly and witty pen. The language is easy to understand, however little familiar one may be with the French of the day. I think, therefore, that the book will be appreciated among you as it has been in Paris. I do not know, in any case, where you could find more curious and exact information regarding the spiritual state of the exceptional being whom we call the actor when he succeeds in his profession, and the strolling player when he struggles against evil fortune or when he is overwhelmed by it.

FRANCISQUE SARCEV.



he Month in England.—“There are no snakes in Ireland,” except sea-snakes, for I write in the “silly season.” Several leading dailies have again, with unblushing persistency, treated us to correspondence concerning love and marriage. The unfailing success of this feature, unstaled by annual repetition, testifies to the inexhaustible interest of the sex-question, in any and every shape and form, and is a lesson to novelists who may be tiring of the eternal theme.

It would be easy to dismiss the yearly flood of letters with a sneer, but sometimes I am tempted to think that the far-diffused misery they too often reveal proves something rotten in the state of marriage, and that, since for the majority of mankind the sex-question is the pivot on which life’s happiness turns, it were well to consider whether our legislation has yet reached the ideal point of minimizing the inevitable evils. That some evils are inevitable by any form of human association is, of course, what most of the correspondents forget in their efforts to fix the blame upon “early marriages” or “late marriages,” “short engagements” or “long engagements.” It is probably, in the long run, more a question of the people who unite than of the form of union. Nevertheless, Thomas Hardy’s indictment remains true—that the civilization which has done so much for humanity, has as yet proved unequal to the problem of the sexes. Perhaps the experience of America—which, by the freedom given to its girls and the facilities for divorce, has been acting as an anthropological laboratory for the Old World—might be useful to us, if some competent observer could summarize the results of its experiments. For the rest of the public has been given up to cricket and foot-ball, which, with other sports, are fast replacing every other interest in England. Art and letters once stood opposed, by their elegance and worldliness, to the earnestness of a Puritan nation, now they have to fight against the flippancy of a population given over to play. We are become a playing people. And the old heritage of earnestness is passing over into the games—never was there a people that played so seriously. “I thought cricket was a game,” said a German visitor to a friend of mine; “I see it is a religion.” It is all very well to say “the battles of England are won on the playing-fields of Eton.” The battles of England have become commercial, and the success of the sensational little volume, “Made in Germany,” may bring home to the complacent Anglo-Saxon, that the battles of England are being lost on the playing-fields of Lord’s and Epsom. This book has divided attention with “The Reds of the Midi,” to which deserved tribute has already been paid in *THE COSMOPOLITAN*. The reception of this admirable story—the translation of which we owe

to an American, Mrs. Janvier—sets one athirst for more of the work of Felix Gras and the Provençal school generally. I have seen a good deal of their poetry, done into French prose, but the Anglicizing of this novel marks an epoch in the European appreciation of a despised provincial idiom. Not that the new tongue was necessary. Great writers have played great parts in elevating dialects into literary languages; but, as France is already well provided with both a literature and a language and as Provençal could only flourish by ousting French, I fail to see the profit, except to local patriotism. The new novel by John Oliver Hobbes, "The Herb-Moon," marks a subsidence of epigram without any counterbalancing improvement of matter, though her creation of Rose Arden will please her admirers and those who lament that the sane, strong-willed, self-sacrificing woman is disappearing from the fiction of the masters. Turning to the stage, I am unable to note any sign that the reaction to lower and earlier standards has yet reached the point at which the pendulum must necessarily swing back again. All that can be said, in the way of generalization, is that we are in for another comic opera period. Musical farces, more or less inartistic, occupy half the London theaters, but no successors have yet been found to Gilbert and Sullivan, whose inexhaustible "Mikado" has been having yet another run, and holding up a standard by which to measure the deplorable inferiority of its competitors. So far from following Gilbert's splendid example in suppressing the "gag," by which popular favorites are wont to accentuate their personality at any cost to the unity of tone and structure of the piece, most of the authors are only too glad to have their humor eked out and the brilliance of their patchwork intensified by the comedians, whose charter is as wide as the wind. That their piece shall be an artistic whole is, indeed, as little the aim of the authors as it is the wish of the public, who have no sense of form and who will applaud point-blank references to the topics of the hour in a story of ancient Egypt. Even Gilbert has only been able to keep down "gagging" in the London performances; the moment the players get into the provinces they play ducks and drakes with the text, and to make a "local" joke they will stick at nothing. But if Gilbert has had no effect in raising the standard of comic libretti considered as wholes, he has undoubtedly improved the literary tone of the separate lyrics. No one would dare to-day to put forth the doggerel verses which contented an older and more illiterate generation. Mr. "Adrian Ross," the wholesale provider to the trade, has probably more poetic power than Gilbert himself; indeed, the book of poems he published in his university days pointed to a higher if a less auriferous peak of Parnassus. Mr. Harry Greenbank, too, puts a welcome touch of literature into his work. But the comic opera stage, like the London theater generally, is under the unclean thumb of stock-brokers and syndicates, and in England all questions of literature are fought out on business principles and never lifted up with generous ardor into the realm of ideas.

I. ZANGWILL.



ewspaper Humor of the Future.—Humor is to a newspaper what a tail is to a kite—absurd to look at, but that by which the aerial machine rises and soars. I can say successfully that no newspaper in the United States has succeeded without more or less of this element. This is not the fact because of there being an excess of humor in our people. We are, if anything, rather deficient in this as compared to the French or Irish. It cannot, however, be said of us, as a shrewd French observer remarked of the English, that we take our amusements seriously. We have the wit developed from our common schools that is an exaggerated grotesqueness, but enough amusing to keep us laughing at the mother-in-law, refractory stove-pipe, the girl upon the gate and other staples of a like sort, that are as immortal as the memorable circus jokes that entertained the childhood of our revolutionary fathers.

It is not, I say, because of our turn for fun that to make a newspaper popular its editors must deal largely in wit, it is because life is so intense with us that we are driven to relaxation of some sort. Henry Ward Beecher was the most popular preacher that ever lived, and he led the listener up from the darkest creeds ever held by man to the sunlight of God's mercy, by introducing the laugh to the pulpit. Our climate stimulates the nervous system and so shortens life. To this we add the fact that we have conquered a continent in a space of time that makes its results seem marvelous. The consequence is that an average American has no time for study and no time for thought. What we have of each is given to that which develops and makes useful material matter. When New York celebrated the centennial of the adoption of the Constitution, the one thing only that was commented on as showing our progress was that it called for three days for Washington to journey from the capital to New York, whereas President Harrison accomplished the distance in four hours and a half. Rapid transit was, it seemed, not only the crowning glory, but the only glory of a hundred years.

A newspaper is to an American what its name implies—a vehicle for the diffusion of news and a medium for advertising. I think this word newspaper far better than journal, so much affected. Our newspaper as we now have it was born of the late war. Previous to that armed strife the press was made up mainly of essays more or less heavy and always serious. It was looked at as a great moral engine and a political guide. The editor was regarded as a superior person. He was addressed in a measured, impressive manner by correspondents who signed themselves "Pro Bono Publico," "Junius Cato," and other Roman names of great weight and sound. The whole business was slow and solemn. The editor wrote Johnsonian articles many columns in length that were a cross between "Bacon's Essays" and "Poor Richard's Maxims," and our excellent ancestors dozed over them of evenings or Sunday afternoons. Under this condition the "National Intelligencer," published at Washington, was a possibility. It was much affected by statesmen from the South and West, who came to Washington on horseback or by the old leathern convenience called a stage coach. The editorials of the "Intelligencer" were stately efforts of great length, beginning generally with "Qui bono" and ending with "Nous verrons." I doubt whether many people read the "Intelligencer"—or that the few liked or fully appreciated these disquisitions. There was a superstition originating in the birth of the newspaper that gives it the character of mentor, or at least moralist, which makes it the duty of good citizens to read the same as they read their prayer-books and Bible. Of course, reading these pious books does not come under the head of amusements; but rather as penance for our sins. Moral meditations and practices are duties and rather irksome. Were it otherwise the plan of salvation based on rewards for duties well done would be useless and vain. The newspaper, or rather journal, was born of a moral motive. In its first inception, away back in the dim past, it was the vehicle of sober speculation that Addison and Steele made entertaining and afterward old Sam Johnson made ponderous and learned.

This was the remote birth of the "National Intelligencer," and the evolution was in accord with the law of our being. We begin life with the discovery that all good things are dull, and we end by considering all dull things good. Hence the "Intelligencer" and nearly all the press of the United States held their preëminence.

However, the war came on, and, as William Groesbeck said, "war legislates," and has legislated the "Intelligencers" out of existence. With a million of brave men in the field being inhumanly slaughtered, the reports from the strife were intensely exciting in their brief records of bloody disasters. From those the people got a taste for brief statements of facts. In consequence the learned essays went out never to return. The journalist now edits events and the nearer he comes to paragraphs and the less he has to say in the way of comment the better for him. Looked at from this point of view, the American people are like Saint Paul, much learning makes them mad—too mad to subscribe or read.

It is a grave error to regard the newspaper as a great moral engine. Its use-

fulness is limited to gathering and distributing the news, which includes the markets, and in being a medium for advertising. Now, if there is any morality in news and advertising, the press is a moral engine.

Of course, there is a deal of excellent discussion in the editorial page, but to get it read, which is seldom he can, the editor has to reduce them to paragraphs and give them a volatile turn. When the average American catches the editor obtruding any homilies upon him, he is apt to discontinue his paper. He considers it not only an impertinence but, what is far worse, obtaining his attention and consequent loss of time under false pretenses. A newspaper, then, cannot well be a moral engine.

There is another superstition that regards the newspaper as a creator or leader of public opinion. This is an error. The newspaper reflects public opinion, it does not even develop. The one object of a newspaper management is to widen its circulation. New views offend and cannot be indulged in unless in accord with public opinion. When found in such accord the average editor is quite dogmatic. He is apt to work a moral in under his observations to justify the positive nature of his assertions. For example, being called upon to say editorially, that the ocean is a majestic object and satisfied this is in accord with the opinion of his community, he informs us that, "no more sublime illustration of the power of the Creator can be found than that presented in the boundless ocean. The mind that can look unmoved upon this mighty work of God is a mind lost to all the truths of Revelation," etc.

There is only one way in which an editor may run counter to public opinion, and that is when such course affords amusement. The readers of newspapers will forgive all offenses provided the paper is entertaining.

The late Charles Reade, author of the most charming novels in the English language, first called my attention to the peculiar character of our press. "The enterprise," he said, "is amazing. An American newspaper is a daily record of everything. Reading such is like putting one's head out of a window, one takes in a world—all the sights, little and big, quiet or merry—one takes in the bad smells also. But," he continued, "such publications are not possible in England. The lack of reverence would shock our people. Why, listen to this" and he read: "'Jacob Thompson, an inestimable citizen, who accumulated such a fortune in dealing in pickled pig's tails, entered Johnson's blacksmith shop with five pounds of Abraham Sutter's best powder in his coat-tail pocket. He went out through a hole in the roof. Funeral announcement as soon as his remains can be gathered in from the adjoining counties.' An English journal that would treat such a horrible event as that in such a flippant manner would be prosecuted."

The humor of this is found in Charles Reade treating the item as a historical fact. I could not refrain laughing.

"You are a queer lot," he said, noting my amused condition, "but then you read and praise my books. I wish you would pay for some of them."

This view of the press will be pronounced absurd by the average reader, yet he probably at no time in his life read an editorial that was longer than a paragraph, and that paragraph is more certain of readers if it have, like a wasp, a sting in its business-end. A man of affairs, and we are all that, if we are anything, gets his morning "daily" at breakfast. While bolting his food he glances at the markets, scans the telegrams, and takes in the local and general news. He reserves the editorials for the evening, and after dinner turns to them, exhausted by his day's work and worry, and drops asleep over the comments, be they long or short.

The fact of the form remaining with the substance gone, misleads many. The editor with his imposing "We" and oracular utterances, even in paragraphs, deceives the common mind. Newspapers to me resemble the kite, as I said in the beginning of this. It soars majestically and gracefully in the clouds, and we forget that it is held in its pride of place by a slender string and a preposterous tail. The string is the subscription list, the tail the advertisers.

Publishing a newspaper is the same as any other business and depends, as all business does, upon the law of supply and demand. The publisher, as in any other business pursuit, caters to the tastes of his customers, and he wins success in proportion to his recognition of their wants. In this he does not differ from the manager of a theater, the proprietor of a shoe store or a green grocer. He does not mold public opinion or play the part of leader. As to the car of progress so much talked of, he is not the driver nor one of the team. If he is anything in that procession it is the big dog under the wagon. As such he cannot dash forward for fear of heels or to either side for fear of wheels. He can bite the legs of stragglers, provided he discriminates in favor of subscribers and advertising patrons.

The trend in the direction I indicate, that makes the newspaper more and more a perfect process for the diffusion of news and the medium of advertising, is to the observer more clearly apparent every year. The successful journalist of to-day edits the news. If he touches on economics or moral subjects it is in a few paragraphs. If relied on solely because of their brevity they are apt to remind one of an old corduroy road, where one bumps over soft ground, saved from being swamped by sticks laid across the highway.

The old-fashioned style of editorial comment, to a certain extent, clings to the newspaper, but it gets less so as time wears on. I believe the day is not far distant when this solemn business will cease. We shall have newspapers ere long in which even the form of editorial comment will be dispensed with.

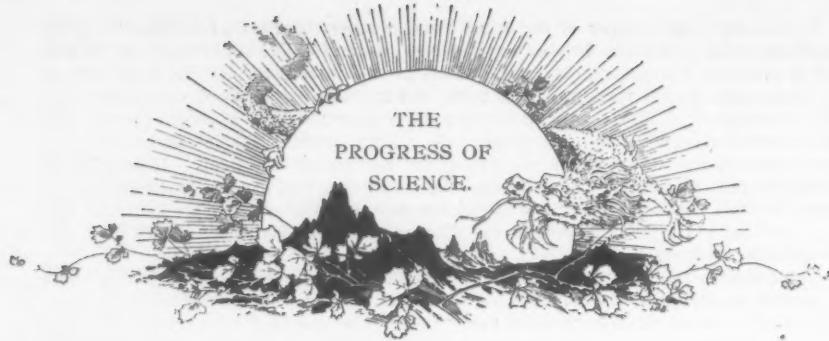
This is in some respects to be regretted. It leaves no room for the student and author. To collect and edit the news does not call for culture or a high order of intellect; and when one remembers what the old-fashioned London Times effected in the Crimean War and what our press at the North did for the Government in the late war—when Lincoln said that he owed more to the press and the pulpit than he did to Congress—one mourns the loss of the old style.

There is, however, no perfect good in this world. What the press did at the North to arouse and maintain patriotic impulse was much impaired and weakened by its interference with the conduct of the war. The cry of "On to Richmond" influenced an Administration signally ignorant of war, so much so indeed that it never thought of an objective point which might shorten, if it did not end, the conflict. In this way it made the road between the two capitals a highway of human bones. Men slaughtered in vain. We now see clearly enough that had General George H. Thomas's advice, given President Lincoln in the spring of '61, to make Chattanooga our objective point, been followed and successfully accomplished, Virginia would have been untenable to the Confederates and the war, confined to the cotton states, would have been shortened by at least two years.

In the future of the newspaper humor must, of course, be more marked than in the past, for it has such a pronounced influence in the evolution now going on. The press is forced to consult the tastes and wants of its patrons, and more prominent of these is the love of personalities. From this comes the interview now so popular. Denounced as an outrage upon the interviewed and as an attack on the privileges of private life, we were amazed to learn that instead of such being the fact directly the reverse is true. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the supposed victim seeks the interviewer, reserving always to himself the right of denial should such interview prove unfortunate.

Humor alone gives to the mind its just perception of perspective, for it really means the grotesque juxtaposition of incongruous ideas. It is a genius able to throw the logical sequence out of gear who can not only hold facts to their true relation, but, in briefest and brightest phraseology, present them to the public. I never knew what was the matter with Emerson, never being able to discover what he was driving at, until I learned "Don Quixote" wearied him and that Charles Dickens was to him a bore. I fear Emerson would have failed as an editor.

DONN PIATT.

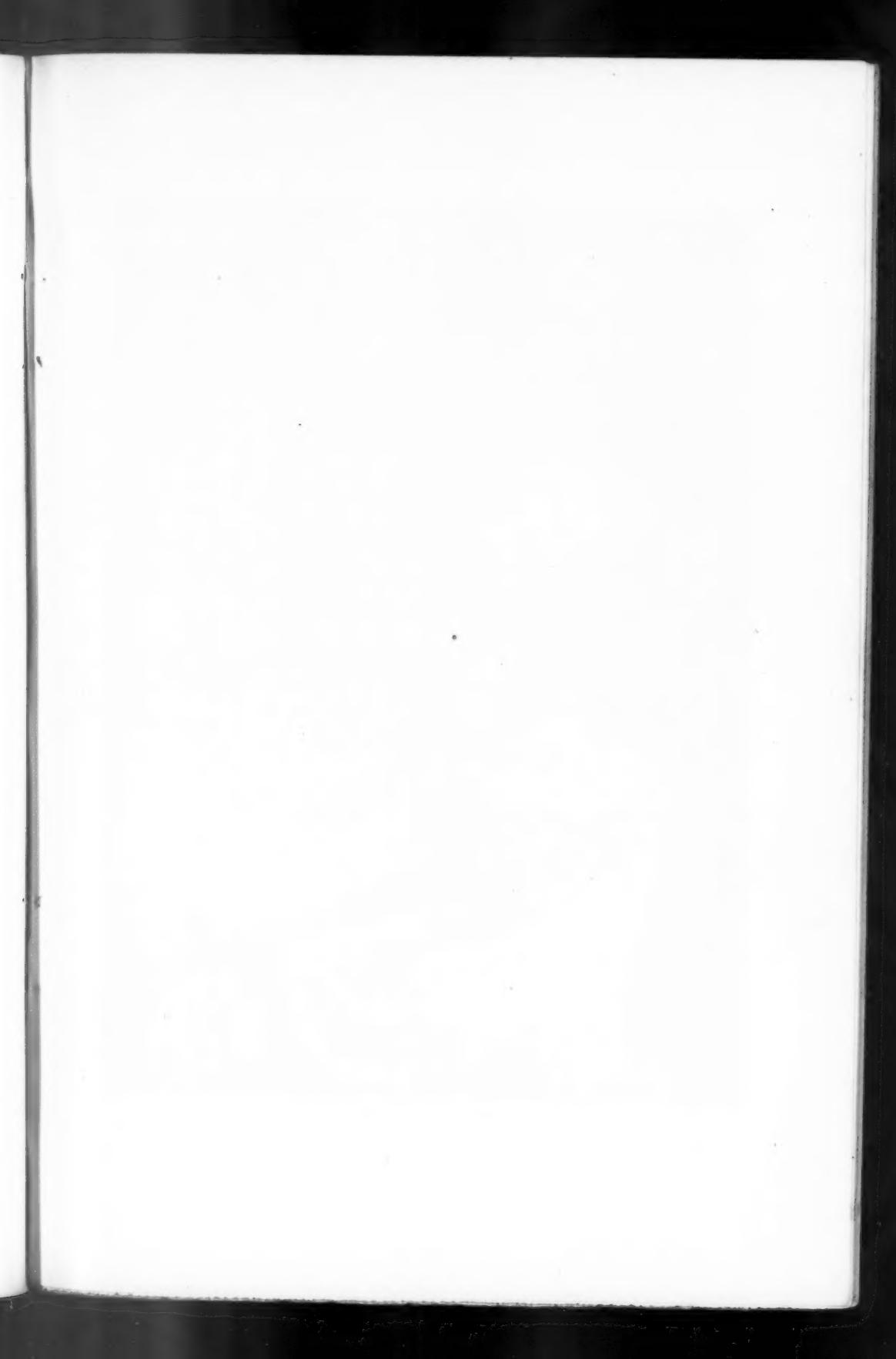


New Process for Making White Lead.—Of the many methods invented and patented for the manufacture of white lead, none has succeeded in displacing the ancient and tedious Dutch process. Some of the newer methods produce the substitute more cheaply, and their operations are less detrimental to the workmen, but the white lead prepared by the Dutch process has retained its superiority over all the products of the more recent methods. Of the many processes patented only three survive, and only two are operated to any considerable extent, and by far the greatest proportion of the pigment is still made by the Dutch method. The superiority of the pigment by this process lies in its great covering power, its durability and its opacity. These valuable properties are due to the fact that Dutch pigment in its ultimate form is an amorphous powder, while that by the other processes is more or less crystalline. The amorphous variety mixes with and takes up the oil in a manner that the other varieties cannot be made to do.

A new process for this manufacture, discovered in 1892, by Mr. A. B. Brown, a chemist and mining engineer of Boston, is now made public. He produces the white lead by an electrolytic process, and, judging from the tests already made, the new process will successfully compete with the best now in operation. In the Brown process, a solution of sodium nitrate contained in two compartment cells, separated by porous diaphragms, is decomposed by an electric current. The electrodes in these cells are lead and copper. At the positive electrode, lead nitrate is formed and dissolved, and sodium hydroxide collects and is dissolved at the copper pole. These solutions are drawn off and mixed in the proper proportions, and sodium nitrate is reproduced and lead hydrate precipitated in the form of an amorphous powder. A solution of sodium carbonate is then mixed with the lead hydrate, when lead carbonate (white lead) and sodium hydrate are formed. This sodium hydrate may again be converted into the carbonate by passing carbonic acid into it. This sodium carbonate may be used again for the conversion of more lead hydrate into white lead. The nitrate reproduced in the second operation may be again used as in the first, and there is but slight loss in the repeated service of these two agents.

Under severe tests lasting two years, the electrolytic pigment has proven itself the equal of the Dutch, and in covering power or body it exceeds it by from ten to twenty per cent. The other advantages of the process are: The lead used requires no special preparation; no free acids are used; the plant is much smaller; the operation is one of a day, instead of several months; the process is non-poisonous. The importance of this method will be appreciated from the statement that the largest use made of lead is for conversion into white lead, and the cost by the new method, it is thought, will be much less than by the Dutch method.

S. E. TILLMAN.





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